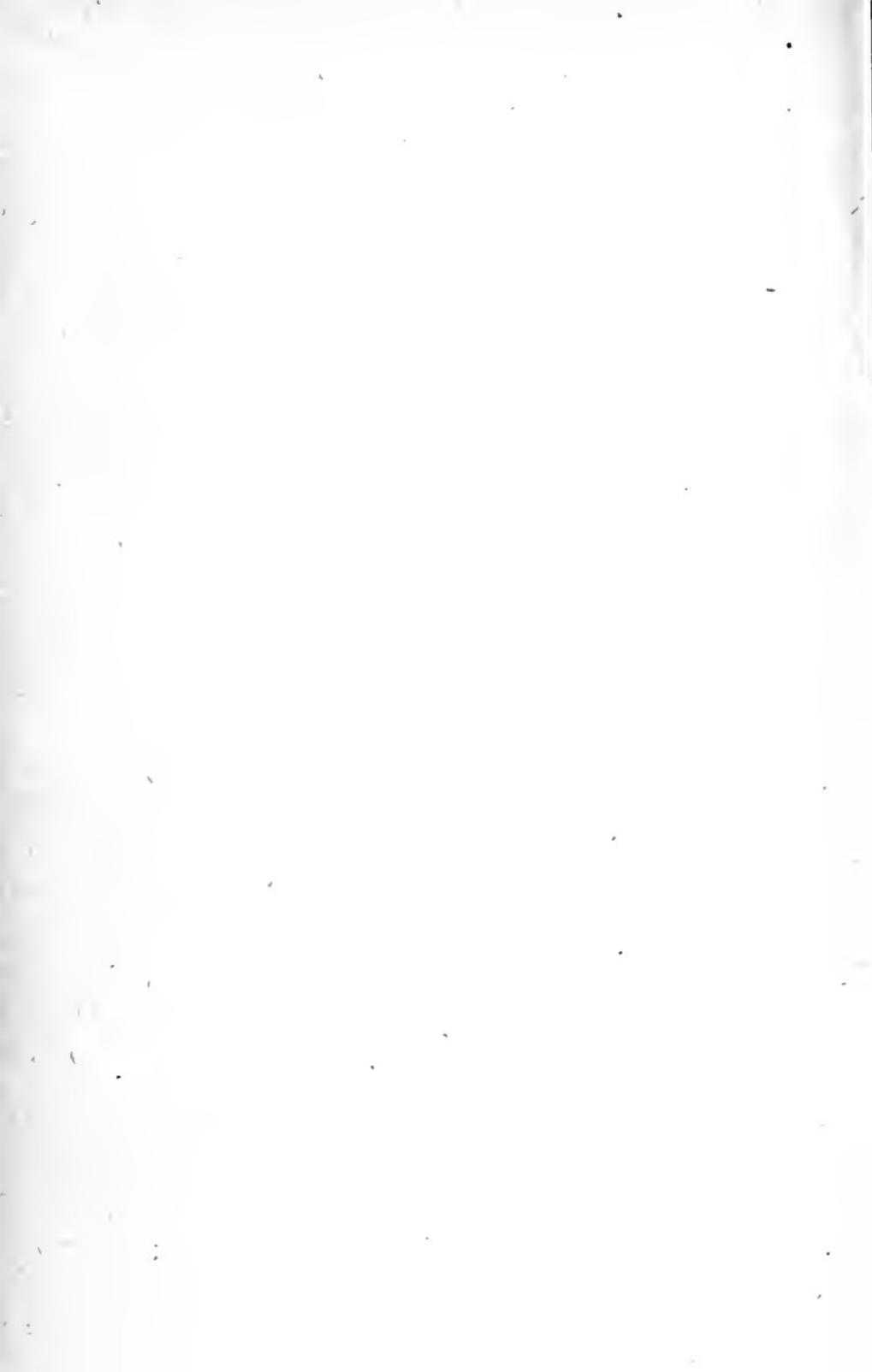




Poems



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LOS ANGELES



Mrs J. A. Skinner
A Memento of
the General Assembly
of 1875.



P O E M S.



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BY

MRS. EMMA M. BELL, A.M.

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UPON this sunny morn in flow'ry June,
While Colorado airs so soft and clear
Come stealing through the window of my home
And gently sway the young-boughed trees near by,
And blossoms that unnumbered near and far
Their wealth of beauty lavish on the plains—
And while before me so sublimely rise
The mountain summits in their grandeur old,
Long ranges hazy with soft misty lights,
Where lofty peaks in solemn silence wear
Their crowns of purity—*eternal snows*,
Where heav'n comes down to earth; where earth meets
heav'n;—
The everlasting mountains that endure
Through all the changes of this changing world
Until the heav'ns and earth be found no more,—
Upon this sunny morn, O Thoughts of mine!
I send you forth out in the “wide, wide world,”
On journey all untried. But He who said,
“Thy bread upon the waters cast; for thou
Shalt find it after many days,” I trust
With watchful eye will guide you on your ways.
And if with you there resteth aught of pow'r
To cause that souls draw nearer to their God,
To Him, the True, the Beautiful, the Good,—
To Him be all the glory evermore.

DENVER CITY COLORADO June 12, 1871.

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P O E M S.

MORNING.

O RADIANT Morn ! when the fountains of light
Were opened, and in the dominions of Night
The gleams of a brightness earth never had known
Had parted the shadows so long o'er it thrown,—
The stars, ere from earth they had veiled their sweet
rays,

Hymned unto Jehovah an anthem of praise.

Thou camest then, robed in a mantle of light,
And round thy brow rested a coronet bright.
Then earth, as it met the bright glance of thine eye,
Smiled joyful. Its smile was reflected on high.
The heavens smiled back to the earth, and thy sway
Together they owned, O bright herald of day !

Long ages, O Morn ! in their silence have flown
Since first unto earth thy fair presence was known ;
With joy in thine eye, and with light on thy brow,
And regal robes round thee, thou greetest us now.

How beautiful art thou when chill winter reigns,
With mantling snows resting on mountains and
plains,
When crystals and icicles, lit with thy beam,
Are bright as the gems that in ocean-caves gleam!
How lovely, when springtime's or summer's sweet
voice

Hath bid all the earth in its beauty rejoice !
And beautiful still, when, with sad, plaintive tone,
The autumn winds mourn for the summertide flown;
O'er trees, with their garlands of crimson and gold,
Thine eye rests in sadness, yet loves to behold.

How bright is thy coming when calm, peaceful
Night

Glides softly away from thy shadowy light !
How welcome thy coming when tempests and storms
Have roamed through the night-hours in terrible
fornis !

Through raindrops and mists that may veil thy clear
eyes,

And shroud thy bright robes of the gold-tinted
dyes,

Thy beaming smile glances, and lo ! in the west,
Where cloud-mountains rise with their dark, frowning
crest,

The rainbow bends graceful its radiant form,—
The beautiful child of the sunbeam and storm.

O Morning ! thy beauties to vision when given
May wake in the spirit deep dreamings of heaven ;
May wake joyous thoughts in the spirit, where still
Are soul-founts the *Infinite* only can fill.

Though naught for these longings can earth's
beauty bring,
Nor over our life-scenes immortal light fling,
We'll *cherish these longings*, and *love thee* the while,
Love Night's solemn presence and Morn's sunny
smile,
Until from the shadows and sunlight of earth
We pass to that land where our spirits had birth ;
Where souls breathe again their own native air,
And *dreams* in this life are *reality* there.

A RAMBLE WITH FANCY.

ONCE upon a quiet even,
While the ling'ring hues of sunset
O'er the earth were resting lightly,
I sat musing in the twilight.

Soon I saw a form approaching,
And her step was light and graceful.
Quickly as I looked upon her,
Knew I that her name was Fancy ;
For so oft with her I've wandered
'Mong the grottos, hills, and valleys
Of the sweet and mystic Song-Land,
That her face hath grown familiar.

But this being claims no kindred
With that train of idle fancies
That so often haunt the spirit
Living only for the present,
Never soaring from the earth-mists
And the shadows that surround it,
Filled with high and noble longings
For some good yet unaccomplished.

And I said to this fair being,

“Hast thou come again to lead me
Out into the land of Beauty?
Many times with you I’ve wandered
'Mong its grottos, hills, and valleys,
Plucking here and there a blossom.
Far above the hills and valleys
Of this land of song and beauty,
In sublimity and grandeur,
Rise the Everlasting Mountains ;
And I’ve listened to the echoes
Ringing from their secret caverns,
Till I long to roam among them ;
Long to wake some grand, deep echo
That hath never yet been sounded.”

Then said Fancy, “If it please thee,
We will gaze upon those mountains
As we ramble now together ;
And perchance in some dim future,
If thy life on earth is lengthened,
Thou mayst roam among their summits.”

Onward then with her I journeyed,
Till we stood beside those mountains,
And I saw Fame’s mighty temple,
With its broad dome and its arches,
Resting on its golden pillars.
And I said to my companion,
“If to me it shall be granted

To ascend those lofty summits,
Shall I pass through Fame's broad gateway?"
And she said, "It is a question
Future years alone can answer."

Oft amid life's cares and duties,
'Mid its joys and 'mid its sorrows,
Hope, that bright, sweet being, whispers,
"In the dim and distant future,
If on earth thou still shouldst linger,
Thou shalt climb those mountain summits;
Thou shalt wake some grand, deep echo
That hath never yet been sounded."

THE ORPHAN'S VISION.

'TWAS in a far-off land, where summer showers
Its smiles of beaming light on all around
Through many months of each returning year ;
Where flowers of brilliant hues and lofty mien
Lift up their beauteous heads to catch the gleams
From tropic skies, and where the waving ferns
Grow almost as luxuriant as did
Their sister tribes of paleozoic time.

In one fair, peaceful vale, where all day long
The birds had warbled and the breezes played,
A solemn silence seemed to reign o'er all.
And well it might : the messenger of Death
Was waiting near, a human soul to bear
From all the busy scenes of this fair earth
To far and untried spirit-realms beyond.

Yes, in that hour a dying mother looked
Affection's last look on an only child,
A maiden young and fair, although her face
The trace of anguish and deep sorrow bore,
And soon she, too, must know the lonely griefs
Of orphanhood. Three weeks had scarcely passed
Since in its narrow resting-place was laid

Her father's form, beneath a foreign soil,
With foreign blossoms o'er his tomb to wave.
For they were wanderers in that sunny land;
Their own sweet home lay far across the seas.

The last sad moment came; the mother clasped
The maiden's hand within her own so cold,
And gazed upon her with a look whose deep,
Deep meaning none might understand save her,
So long the object of that mother's love.

Her spirit gently winged its flight to heaven;
And when o'er earth another bright day dawned,
The maiden stood beside her mother's grave.
She lingered there awhile, then turned away,
A lonely orphan in a stranger's land.

Yet were the faces kind that on her gazed,
And kindly voices fell upon her ear,
And gentle hands brought gifts of lovely flowers,
And curious sea-shells from the ocean shore;
And voices, sweet with richest melody
Of sound, and in true soul of music, sang
In glowing strains of their own land of flowers,
Yet could not lift the shadows from her soul.

And then was sent a message o'er the seas
To friends who knew her in her childhood days,
Who came and bore her to her native land.
And while her soul was wrapt in grief's dark pall,
She oft would muse upon the lessons taught

By her own mother while on earth she lived.
Who sought upon her young mind to impress
The truth that God doth see and know all things,
And that she might be blest by Him, to live,
Avoiding wrong in thought, or word, or deed.

One night, when all her soul had poured its tide
Of grief in solitude through many hours,
And when the holy angel, Sleep, had seen,
With pitying gaze, her tears, and softly closed
Her weary eyes, and soothed her to repose,
Upon her soul a glorious vision burst.

The clouds and mists which hovered o'er this world
By angel hands were parted; and she through .
A cloudless track of ether winged her way.
Around her, planets in their orbits rolled,
Though at a mighty distance. She beheld,
Far off, the firmaments of many orbs,
Resplendent with their constellations bright,
Illumed by moons, some of the circular,
And some of gibbous, and of crescent form;
And, at the same time, in some heavens shone
A shape of each, and from the same bright sky;
And comets, too; flamed through the vast expanse.
And sometimes so o'erpowering was the light
That on her shone from burning suns and stars,
She could not see her spirit-guides; but when
For her they waved their hands, the golden light

In circles moved, and whither thus she knew
To bend her way. At last the light around
More spiritual seemed ; and she beheld,
Through its transparent rays, bright seraph forms,
And seraph faces on her looked and smiled.
And there, with spirit-glances on her bent,
From eyes which inspiration deep had lit
With the intense effulgence of its rays,
Her own eyes beamed with an unearthly light.

And there was one whose clear and joyous gaze
With light familiar beamed. It was not long
Until the child the mother knew, and then
They met as friends who lived and loved on earth
May meet where earthly woes are known no more.
The air around with melody was filled ;
And then the mother said, "Thou must return
To earth awhile. Go forth into the world
Where'er our Father and his angels guide ;
And whomsoe'er thou meet'st, if thou mayst read
The deep inworkings of a noble soul
In search of truth, and all the grand, the good,
The beautiful in life, then know that there
A brother or a sister thou hast found.
Then keep thy own soul pure, and from its shrine
Let sweet affection's holy incense rise. •
So shalt thou win the love of human hearts,
And friendships form for earth-life not alone,

But which shall grow mature in spheres above,
Where love's bright eye is never dimmed with tears."

Thus did the mother to the maiden speak,
Then in her arms enfolded her, as she
Was wont to do when the unconscious smile
Of infancy played on her lips, and on
Her brow she pressed one holy kiss. O earth!
Hast thou a measure for the wondrous depth,
The tender purity, of mother-love?

The vision vanished, and the orphan woke
Again to consciousness of earthly things,
But with the memory of that night impressed
Too deeply on her soul to be effaced.
And to her soul's eye ever from this time
All earthly things were changed, and nature seemed
Illumed with rays divine; the breezes mild
Brought whisperings of heaven; and e'en the flowers
That bloomed so humbly in the wayside path
Seemed placed there by some wise directing hand.
She gazed upon the mountains towering high,
And on their brows she read—**SUBLIMITY**.
She loved the grandeur of the midnight skies,
The smiling beauty of the crimson morn.
She thought upon the world within—the mind,
With all its noble, its God-given powers
Of fancy, reason, thought, more wondrous far
Than all the vast material universe,

Though reaching far out in infinity,—
Then humbly said, with an uplifted eye,
“I praise Thee, O thou Ruler over all!”
The page of science now possessed new charms,
And over volumes stored with glowing thoughts
She oft would linger long. New energies
Were roused within her soul, and wheresoe'er
Through all the years of life on earth she roamed,
She sought to bless mankind; and many ones
Would praise with gratitude her bounteous hand.

But not alone is sorrow found where want
And poverty and sickness come, for earth
Hath many who have never known what 'tis
To suffer these stern ills of life, yet bowed
Beneath the weight of other griefs and cares.
And such of these as came within her sphere,
With delicate and tender sympathy
She sought to soothe; for, oh! so well she knew,
Should mountains crumble and the hills remove,
And though the planetary orbs should cease
To roll in their elliptic paths, *one word,*
One look of kindness, will forever live.

TIME, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

O EARTH ! when the dark realms of chaos and night
At first knew the gleams of that mystical light,
Creation's bright herald its dawn to proclaim,
When first by the power of Omnipotence came
The worlds in their grandeur primeval and bright
To journey through space on their pathways of light,
When first the Spheres chanted their music sublime,
Then earth, sun, and stars hailed the birthday of
Time.

The dim throng of ages encircles me now ;
The seal of the ancient is set on my brow ;
Yet swiftly I move on my lone, silent way,
'Mid glories of night and the splendors of day,
As when the Almighty his mandate first spoke,
And thus into being the universe woke.

Wondrous, O Earth ! are the changes I've wrought :
Powers and Dominions to ruins I've brought ;
Grandeur and glory have sunk 'neath my sway ;
Beauty I've folded in robes of decay ;
By the sad changes that oft I have wrought,
Woe to thy children, O Earth ! I have brought.

They call me *Destroyer*, these children of thine;
But, ah! from my ruins spring glories divine.
I only destroy, that progression's swift car,
Whose coming forever I hail from afar,
May move unimpeded upon its bright way,
Till o'er thee, O Earth! dawn Millennial day,
Till man to his God-given dignity rise,
His dwelling on earth, but his goal in the skies;
Till error's dark reign on the earth shall be o'er,
And truth to her throne mount triumphant once
more.

O Earth! o'er my ruins thy children may weep,
But still for me ever deep rev'rence they keep:
The shadowy halls of the dim past are mine,
And round them forever sweet memories twine;
And gems of the soul there forever I keep,
Brought up from its fountains so sacred and deep;
There strains of soft music in melody flow;
There wander the forms of the dear Long Ago;
And tender and holy the sweet light that falls
O'er pictures that hang there in Memory's halls.

Ceaselessly onward, O Earth! is my way;
Moments I bring thee, how brief is their stay!
From me thus ever thy children must learn
Much which is lost once can never return.
Leaving all vanities, may they pursue
Only the noble, the pure, and the true!

When o'er thee, O Earth, my last great day shall
dawn,
Mortality's veil from the soul be withdrawn,
Then thou shalt be changed, and my reign shall be
o'er:
Eternity's day shall be thine evermore.

To wisdom of Time thou hast listened, O Earth!
I boast not to thee so illustrious birth;
For sad was the day, full of woe was the hour,
Thy children, O Earth! knew first Death's fatal
power.

The hopes of the spirit how often I blight,
And shroud all its sunlight in sorrow's dark night!

All nations, O Earth! my dark presence have known,
Before me vain glory hath faded and flown:
Through palace of royalty silent I glide,
And soon from the throne of his glory and pride
The monarch descends, and 'mid wailing and woe,
All scepterless, crownless, by Death is laid low.
I come to the spot where so weary and worn
The beggar is waiting, dejected, forlorn;
Till night shall have passed, and the morning again
Shall call him to wander in hunger and pain,—
I come, and his vigils no more he doth keep,
His woes all forgotten in Death's dreamless sleep.

And ever, O Earth! to the Christian I've come
A messenger sent from the spirit's own home,
And angels have wafted the spirit away
Afar to the realms of an unending day.

When by the clay temple where once the soul dwelt
Both Sorrow and Love in their silence have knelt,
Then Faith and her bright sister Hope have met there,
Religion's bright daughters, so holy and fair.
Then Faith spoke to Love of the glories of heav'n,
Where ties of affection can never be riven,
And Hope to her sorrowing sister hath said,
“O Sorrow! weep not for the soul which is fled ;
Love's treasures she'll clasp yet, where on a bright shore
The good and the beautiful dwell evermore.”

O Earth! by the dim solemn portals I stand
That open from Time's to Eternity's land ;
And thus shall it be till the dawn of that day
When Earth and the heavens shall both pass away.

Thou'st listened, O Earth! to Time and to Death:
These words unto thee now Eternity saith. •
Beginning to me there hath never been known;
I dwelt with the Infinite Being alone
When one void, all vast, without limit, was space,
The finite within it had never held place.
'Neath empire of Time, O Earth! thou art now;
At last Time himself to my scepter shall bow;

Though Death o'er thy children hath long held his sway,

When elements melt, and thou passest away,

From voice of the Angel of God the Most High

Shall come forth the edict that Death too shall die.

"FOREVER," the word that abideth with me:

I saw no beginning, no end shall I see.

And happy, O Earth! shall thy children e'er be
Who treasures for heaven confide unto me;

For never, O Earth! in the realms of my sphere

Shall breathe there a sigh, or fall there a tear,

But joy in deep rapturous tides shall e'er roll

From presence of God o'er the glorified soul.

Then human thought, freed from the fetters of Time,

Endued with new strength, and with powers sublime,

Shall myst'ries unveil, and new truths shall explore,

The Infinite Being knew only before.

Should back unto chaos the worlds wing their flight,

In darkness unfathomed to quench all their light;

Again in the measureless regions of space

Material forms should hold never a place,

O'er wreck of the universe still would the soul,

While ages eternal should over it roll,

Triumphant gaze in the consciousness sure

That long as Jehovah the soul shall endure.

LITTLE LILLIE.

GENTLY sunset's golden shadow
With a glory soft and mild,
On the lowly couch was streaming
Of a little dying child.

But she did not see the sunlight
Gleaming from the western skies ;
For the light had long since faded
From her once bright, beaming eyes.

By the bedside sat the mother,
Clasping Lillie's thin, white hand,
While in gentle tones she told her
Of the far-off better land.

By a window stood the cradle,
Where a little brother slept ;
And a fair and dark-eyed sister,
By the cradle knelt and wept.

“Take me in your arms, my mother,”
Then the little maiden said,
“With your kind hand gently resting
Once again upon my head.

“ Place it lightly, O my mother,
 / On my weary, aching brow ;
 Oh, I soon must leave you, mother,
 Death is stealing o'er me now.

“ It hath seemed a long night, mother,
 Since I saw the light of day ;
 Is there any night, dear mother,
 In that land so far away ?

“ Tell me, O my gentle mother !
 Tell me, in that better land
 Will the holy, white-robed angels
 Come and take me by the hand ?

“ Oh, my spirit sees them coming !
 And their brows are crowned with light,
 And they whisper, oh, so softly !
 That in heaven there'll be no night.

“ Gentle sister, thou art weeping,
 Though I cannot see thy tears ;
 Do not grieve for me, my sister,
 For my spirit feels no fears.

“ Farewell, mother, sister, brother ;
 When in heaven we all unite,
 I with spirit-eyes shall see you,
 And in heaven there'll be no night.”

* * * * *

In the quiet village churchyard
Is a little mossy grave,
And the branches of a willow
Sad and silent o'er it wave.

There is sleeping little Lillie,
While upon her tombstone white
Are her dying words engraven,—
"And in heaven there'll be no night."

THE RIVER OF MEMORY.

THERE'S a deep majestic river
Winding through the vale of time,
And its waves are ever speaking
With an utterance sublime.

For within the dells and caverns
That beneath its waters lie,
Are the lost and buried treasures
Left there when life's storms swept by.

Treasures that no more forever
May our yearning spirits grasp;
For the past hath borne them from us,
Borne them from our earthly clasp.

Still, we ever must remember
All the bright things that are fled,
Which affection, could it clasp them,
Glorious beams would round them shed.

So we stand beside this river,
On its dim and shadowy shore,
Where the flick'ring lights of memory
Flash and gleam for evermore.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

FAR, far away, within a forest dim,
There dwelt, in times long past, an Indian tribe.
Within those forest depths, beside a stream
Whose rushing waters wild, sweet music made,
The wigwam of the Indian chieftain stood ;
And all the tribe who round him dwelt revered
This chieftain brave,—they called him Thunder-Cloud.

One only daughter had this chieftain brave,
Unlike the other maidens of her tribe:
They loved the war-dance and the hunting-song ;
But e'en from childhood days her soul had seemed
To hold communion sweet with higher things.
No books had Sunny-Eye ; but nature spread
Its glorious pages to her opening soul :
Birds, flowers, rocks, streams, and distant mountains
filled
Her soul sometimes with rapture and delight,
Sometimes with reverence deep or quiet joy.

But all the glories that the day revealed
Within her soul wrought no such mighty spell
As that which rested there when oft she stood,
In night's calm hour, and with her parents gazed

Upon the starry heavens that o'er them hung.
Then would the chieftain speak, in tones subdued,
Of one Great Spirit ruling ev'rywhere.
But of that Being whom he little knew,
So few and strange the solemn words he spoke,
That in the soul of Sunny-Eye they woke
Strange wonder and bewild'ring awe alone.

The mother led her oft, at sunset's hour,
Where side by side three little graves were seen.
Then to her child she spoke, in deep, sad tones,
Of other days, when little children played
Around their wigwam, with their voices gay,
Their laughter merry, as was Sunny-Eye's,
And how Death-spirit took them all away,
And how they dwelt in far-off blessed isles,
Where happy souls shall live for evermore.

"Shall I forever live?" the maiden cried ;
"And shall I reach at last those blessed isles?
Then tell me more of that which still shall live
When we upon this earth are seen no more."
Then sadly on her child the mother gazed,
And said, "O Sunny-Eye, I know no more!"

But in the soul of Sunny-Eye each day
This longing after truth grew so intense
That it absorbed almost her every thought.

The parents watched with silent grief and fear
The strange unrest that seemed to haunt her soul ;

And after days and nights of thought and care,
Thus to his child at last the chieftain said :

“ Beyond the broad, green plains that round us spread,
Dark streams, and forests dim, the white man dwells,
And I have heard that with the pale-faced race
Is much of knowledge and of wisdom found :
If they can tell thee aught to bring thee peace,
And thou canst brave the dangers of the way,
Then soon we to the white man’s land will go.”

So strange at first to Sunny-Eye it seemed
To leave, e’en for a time, her forest home,
But most her mother, she could scarce reply.
The voice within her soul that asked for light,
O’er thoughts of grief and fear at length prevailed ;
She said then to her father, “ I will go.”

Then soon throughout the tribe the news was spread,
And long that night the converse that was held
Between the chieftain and the aged men.

At last one old man said, “ O chieftain brave,
These things thou well dost know: the way is long,
The pale-face is the red man’s enemy;
But if thou canst in safety pass the plains,
And once dost reach the land that lies beyond,
Where dwells the pale-faced race in numbers vast,
Thou needst not fear but that thy child and thou,
With that same peace ye come, will be received.
But one thing thou mayst fear: thou knowest well

Three summers scarce' have flown since of our tribe,
Some roaming in the hunting-chase yon plains,
Despoiled the fruitful fields of some who dwelt
Remote from others of their pale-faced race;
And thou dost know the dwellers of the plains
Have vowed dire vengeance if it e'er befall
That they should meet with any of our race,
Or, should they learn our dwelling-place, to come
Together, with a strong, united power,
Despoil our homes, and drive us from the land.
Oh, may Great Spirit punishment award
To those who spoiled their fields; but for their crimes
Be not the innocent to suff'ring brought.
And now, before thy journey thou dost take,
Bring hither Sunny-Eye; and, with your eyes
To yonder heavens raised, the promise give,
Whatever may befall you, that ye ne'er
To white man will reveal our dwelling-place."

The promise giv'n, all needful things prepared,
They started on their long and dang'rous way.

And, oh! what joy at last their souls did feel,
When, after days of toil and weariness,
They saw the white man's fields with plenty crowned,
And num'rous spires of distant cities gleam!
A kindly welcome unto them was giv'n.
The white man's language they but little knew;
That little they had learned from those who came

To purchase furs from hunters of their tribe.
The object of their coming soon made known,
Deep interest awoke for Sunny-Eye ;
Instruction gladly unto her was giv'n ;
From holy lips she heard the word divine,
And learned, herself, to read the sacred page.
Within her soul she knew a Saviour's love,
And life and soul and all to Him were giv'n.

But when the calm, sweet days of autumn came,
They sought again their own loved forest home ;
And 'mong the many books by kind friends giv'n
Was one to them more precious than all else,—
That one which lights the soul to God and heav'n.
So safe their coming to the white man's home,
But little feared they for a safe return.

The chieftain's thoughts were of the joys of home,
And of the pride and pleasure he should feel
When to her mother back he should have brought
Their Sunny-Eye, from troubled thoughts now freed.
The thoughts of Sunny-Eye were too of home,
And loving welcome waiting her return.
But most she thought of teaching to her friends
The sacred truths which she herself had learned.

A few days passed, and they had reached the plains,
And two more days might bring them to their home.

Once, near the close of day, strange sounds they
heard ;

They stopped and listened, and the chieftain's brow
Grew dark with fear, as to his child he said,—
“It is the pale-faced dwellers of the plain.”
E'en while the chieftain spoke, they nearer came.
Flight could not be ; one shout triumphant told
That they were wholly in their cruel pow'r.
In vain the cries and prayers of Sunny-Eye ;
In vain defensive words the chieftain spoke.
“For vengeance seek we ! Now shalt thou be bound,
And on the morrow thou shalt suffer death !
And this thy daughter shall a captive be.”
These words aroused still more the maiden's soul.
“I am a chieftain's daughter !” then she cried,
A proud light flashing in her earnest eye.
“I who have roamed, through many girlhood days,
As free as winds that o'er my pathway played
Will willingly with my brave father die ;
But, oh, a captive I can never be !”

The white men heard in silence ; then they said,—
“One only thing can save thee : wilt thou tell
Where dwells the tribe o'er which thy father ruled ?
Speak, then, and thou'l be free, thy father free ;
If thou a mother, sister, brother hast
Remaining with the people of thy tribe,
They safe shall be. Say quickly, wilt thou tell ?”
Her dark eye flashed with an indignant light,
Her proud look changed to one of noble scorn.

" Think ye," she cried, " my tribe I will betray?
There's naught could tempt me to so base a deed !
Besides, a solemn promise I should break.
The love of friends may stronger be than love
Of life itself, but in the noble soul
Dwells something stronger still than either these.
It is the love of right, that biddeth it
Stand firm to truth, and leave all else to God !"
She ceased, and for awhile her foes spoke not.
Consulting long, at last one said to her :

" Chieftain's daughter of lofty soul,
Back to thy distant home again !
Thou art free, though thy father die !
" Then with him I will die !" cried Sunny-Eye.
But, as she spoke, she met her father's gaze ;
A noble pride and sorrow mingled there.
In tones of grief, yet firmness, then he said :

" Far off, Sunny-Eye, in the forest dim,
Thy mother will stand by the wigwam door,
Will list for the sound of the chieftain's tread,
The clear, merry laugh of her Sunny-Eye.
The tread of the chieftain she'll hear no more !
Wilt leave her alone in the forest dim,
With none there to lighten her daily cares,
Or weep with her more by the little graves ?
If not for thine own, for thy mother's sake,
O Sunny-Eye, hasten, oh, hasten home !"

Then once again she met her father's gaze ;
And in that gaze she read almost command,
And, strengthening her soul, said, "I will go !"
And in the final parting, though it seemed
As if the very soul itself were rent,
An unseen Power to strengthen hovered near ;
And Sunny-Eye departed on her way.
The night came on ; but with the darkness round
She felt the presence of protecting Power ;
And on the morrow, at the sunset time,
She stood again within the wigwam door.
And when all to her mother had been told,
And when the first deep burst of grief was o'er,
When calmness to her soul once more returned,
The daily duties were resumed again.
And now with Sunny-Eye commenced the work,
The holy work to which her life was given,
Of teaching truth to those who round her dwelt.

One day, within their sad and lonely home
Sat child and mother, filled with silent grief.
The wigwam door was open, and the light
Of sunset's ling'ring beams streamed brightly in.
'Twas darkened by a shadow all at once ;
And child and mother, looking up, beheld
The chieftain in his forest home once more ;
And grief gave place to sweet surprise and joy.
And long the story by the chieftain told,

How day to day the pale-faced foes delayed
Their threat's fulfillment,—why, he could not tell,—
And finally, relenting, bade him go.

Long years have passed. Beside that forest stream
The wigwam of the chieftain stands no more.
The noble souls who in that wigwam dwelt
Now roam the islands of immortal bliss,
Where truth's own fountains flow, and where the light
Of God's own presence makes eternal day.

LOVE AND DEATH.

'MONG far-away valleys and grand mountains old,
That tower sublimely with summits so bold,
There dwelt, in the times of the long, long ago,
Bright beings who knew not of grief nor of woe.
No tones of unkindness among them were heard ;
Their souls ne'er by strife nor by discord were stirred ;
Their brows wore no frowns like the clouds on the
skies,

The lightnings of anger ne'er flashed from their eyes.

Oh, fair were those mountains and beautiful vales,
And pure was the breath of the free mountain gales !
The forests gleamed bright in the sun's laughing beams,
The moonlight shone tenderly over their streams,
And stars with a radiance gentle and bright
O'er mountains and vales beamed with tremulous light.
Those beings passed only from earth one by one,
Their mission fulfilled and their life-work all done.
So joyful their exit, their friends could not weep,
And called it not death, but *the beautiful sleep* ;
While still the strong links of their sweet deathless love
To pure ones on earth bound the pure ones above.

And o'er those bright mountains and beautiful vales
Sweet tones, floating lightly on morning's soft gales,
Said, "*Peace to the mountains, and peace to the vales;*"
From voice of a being sent down from above ;
The name of this heavenly being was Love.
Once, Death in his terrible majesty came ;
No one knew his presence, no one knew his name,
Till over those mountains the shadows fell fast,
And wild tones that floated on midnight's fierce blast
Cried, "*Woe to the mountains, and woe to the vales !*
Howl wildly, ye night winds, upon the dark mountains ;
Sweep, tempests of midnight, through green vales
below ;
Ere sunbeams of morn gild the clear, gushing fountains,
Each heart shall have felt the dread presence of
. woe.

Fly swiftly, O Love ! who already too long
Hast gladdened these mountains with beauty and song ;
I'll drive thee away from these regions at last,
And send thee a wand'rer on midnight's fierce blast."

But Love firmly stood with a calm, beaming eye :
"*Death, I am the stronger, 'tis thou that must fly,*"
Was said, in a strong voice, whose deep, ringing tones
Were mingling e'en then with the wild wails and
moans.

The dark "King of Terrors" was speeding his dart,
His poisoned shaft entering many a heart,

And naught was there heard on his ruin-strewn way,
Among those sad mountains, for many a day
Save the wailing and the crying
Of the stricken and the dying.

The father would stand where the glad sunbeams
smiled
On cold features white of his dead little child,
And say, in the deep tones of anguish and grief,
Thus struggling to bring to his spirit relief.
“ Waken, O beautiful beams of the morning !
Oh, waken my dead from its strange deep repose !
Oft have I listened to Death’s fearful warning ;
My spirit is sinking beneath its great woes.”

The mother, as Death cast its dark, fearful blight
O’er faces once beaming with joy and delight,
Her hands clasped in agony wild with despair,
And said, while her tones thrilled the dense, stifling
air,
“ Thou merciful God, who e’er rulest on high,
Oh, look down on me with a pitying eye ;
Fling back these strange shadows that darken my
life,
And set my soul free from its wearisome strife ;
Or else let me pass to that sunlighted shore
Where tempests of sorrow may beat nevermore.”

The young and the aged were chilled by the breath,
Or struck by the darts, of this grim monster Death;
And eyes that once beamed with the radiance caught
From holy fires kindled by heaven-born thought,
Lost all of their brightness, and told nevermore
Of visions that gleamed on the spirit before.
But Death only strengthened the bright links of Love,
To pure ones on earth binding pure ones above.

At last 'mong those mountains and beautiful vales
There floated those sweet tones once more on the gales,
And "Peace to the mountains, and peace to the vales,"
Told Love was triumphant o'er all woe at last,
And stronger than Death on the midnight's fierce blast.
Those beings long dwelt 'mong those mountains and
vales,
Where floated those tones on the soft morning gales,
United by beautiful links of a love
Like that of the angels and seraphs above.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, AND ART.

'TWAS in the early twilight of the dawn,
While in the east glowed bright the morning star,
That o'er a broad and dew-besprinkled lawn
There walked a being sent from realms afar,
Sent down from bright celestial spheres above
To wander o'er this dark and ruined world,
And by the Holy One whose name is Love,
That sin might from its throne of state be hurled.

She passed upon her way with footstep light ;
Her lips the while moved oft as if in prayer,
As if her soul in converse did unite
With Him whose presence hovers ev'rywhere ;
And on she went, until advancing day
Had tinged the east with gold and crimson dyes,
Till fleecy clouds in all their fair array
Their graceful forms spread o'er the deep-blue skies.

And then she fixed her sweet, benignant gaze
Upon the heav'ns in reverential love,
And, kneeling, offered orisons and praise
To Him who ruleth o'er the powers above.

An angel whisper floated through the air,
And in sweet accents fell upon her ear;
She heard the words, "Religion, being fair,
Go on thy way, without one doubt or fear.

"Accomplish well the mission to thee giv'n,
Till man on earth become all glorified,
Till earth shall in itself become a heav'n,
And holiness unfurl its banner wide."

Religion,—this that holy being's name,
Whose mild eye beamed with deep devotion rare,
Who unto earth with sacred mission came,
Whose soul to heav'n went up in secret prayer.

Arose she then, and passed upon her way,
And, lo! advancing o'er the lawn was seen
A being lovely as the new-born day,
With thoughtful brow and calm, majestic mien.
Then near they came, and each the other knew;
Religion first reached forth her gracious hand,
"O Science," said she, "greeting bring I you,
A being sent on earth by God's command.

"My noble sister, tell, where hast thou been?
And whither now doth tend thy onward way?
Through all night long I watched and prayed unseen,
Till in the east appeared the gleams of day."

Then Science spoke, and with majestic tone
She said, "On yonder plain, through all the night,
With telescopic eye I watched alone
The orbs of heav'n, until the morning light.

"Through many days, when stars are all concealed,
Deep mysteries of Nature I explore;
And many truths have I to man revealed
To God alone and angels known before.
Lo! now I see upon yon mountain's height,
In stately beauty, Fame's proud temple stand;
I see its pillars and its domes of light,
With groves of laurel-trees on either hand.

"And thither would I bend my onward way,
To raise an altar there, whereon to place
Fair Wisdom's trophies I have brought to-day,
And high upon its glist'ning dome to trace
The names of those whom Science joyful finds,
Those heralds of the truths by Science taught,
Whose noble thoughts that spring from noble minds,
Alike with grandeur and with truth are fraught."

Thus Science spoke, nor knew that by her side
A being other than Religion stood;
For Art had come from wand'ring far and wide,
And paused to meet her sisters fair and good.

Religion turned her heaven-beaming eye,
 And said, while gazing on Art's lofty brow
 "Thy soul is fired with aspirations high;
 To us, my sister, tell whence comest now?

"From wand'ring oft by Græcia's classic streams?
 From gazing on Italia's far-famed skies,
 When night had lit them with its starry gleams,
 Or morn illumed them with its rosy dyes?
 But no! thine eye is lit with deeper ray
 Than had it gazed where Græcia's waters roll;
 As if some beams of heav'n's celestial day
 Had touched the still, deep fountains of thy soul."

Art said, "I come from Inspiration's fount;
 And up the Mount Ideal have I strayed;
 To those alone who climb this lovely mount
 Is spirit real, substance but a shade.
 And as musicians, painters, poets there
 Beheld the crystal waters gently flow,
 They asked of Inspiration, goddess fair,
 That she would on them her rich gifts bestow.

"First came the poets; with enraptured eyes
 They gazed upon the waters sparkling clear,
 All bright with gleams from overarching skies,
 Like smiles of angels from some far-off sphere;

And then the goddess from the realms of light

From laurel-trees near by plucked graceful boughs,
Then dipped them gently 'neath the fountain bright,
And sprinkled drops ambrosial on their brows.

“‘Within each drop,’ she said, ‘lie pearls of thought;

Each crystal doth with gems unnumbered gleam,
Each gem with richest imagery is fraught,
And all things fitting for the poet’s dream.

Go now, O poets! from this fountain clear,
Teach man to love all holy things and bright,
Till ye yourselves, in some celestial sphere,
Exchange your laurel wreaths for crowns of light.’

“Then came the painters, and the waters bright

Were tinged with hues that in the sunbeams lie;
While shadows alternated with the light,
The shadows of the flowers that grew near by.

The goddess of the fountain high in air
Tossed up the liquid gems that lay below;
She smiled upon them, and then rainbows fair
Were wreathed in beauty round each painter’s
brow.

“‘Go, painters,’ said she, ‘from these rainbows weave
Fair forms of wondrous loveliness and grace;

But I entreat you, ere this fount you leave,
Gaze once more in its depths, that you may
trace
The mystic charms that in those shadows lie;
For shadow, as the light, hath beauties rare;
And when your canvas with bright hues you dye,
Remember, dark tints too must mingle there.'

"Musicians then stood by the sacred fount,
And softest zephyrs touched the waters bright;
Light breezes wafted from Ideal Mount,
Whose sunny slope lay bathed in purest light.
And through the waters went there such a thrill,
Like music echoes were the sounds they made;
Now low and sweet as flow of mountain-rill,
Now like the roar of torrent or cascade.

"While through the golden clouds that o'er them
hung,
Grand music-peals like mighty thunders rolled,
Or like the anthems deep by angels sung
When spirit fingers touch the harps of gold.
Then Inspiration breathed a holy spell
O'er each musician's soul, and sweetly said,
'May ye perform your sacred mission well
As o'er the wilds of earth's dark land ye tread!'

"Musicians, painters, poets went their way,
And I roamed musing o'er this lovely plain;
And ere hath fled the light of this fair day
Yon mountain's lofty height I hope to gain,
Where Fame's proud temple in its beauty stands ;
There Genius' high-souled sons and daughters go
From many nations and from many lands,
For holy fires on their souls' altars glow."

Religion all the while had listened there,
And when Art ceased, in prayer she bowed her head.
Then soon again she to her sisters fair
In gentle tones and in sweet accents said,
"O glorious Art ! with eye that beams inspired,
Within whose soul the soul of beauty lies,
Where wander beauty's forms, in robes attired
All touched with rainbow tints and sunbeam dyes.

"O noble Science ! daughter of the skies,
O being of a bright celestial birth !
Whose hand unfolds all Nature's mysteries,
And scatters beams of truth throughout the earth,
Come, go with me, ascend the mount of God,
And at the cross of Calv'ry humbly kneel ;
Come, tread with me where Christ's own feet have trod,
And Christ shall there to you Himself reveal.

“Then ye to yonder mount shall wend your way,
And raise an altar there ’neath Fame’s proud dome,
Its spires all glist’ning in the light of day
And pointing upward to the spirit’s home.
And there shall Genius’ sons and daughters go,
And with devotion bend before your shrine,
When they have quaffed from crystal streams that
flow
From holy Inspiration’s fount divine.”

And then Religion raised her eyes benign,
And lifted up her voice in holy prayer,
While Science round her did her arms entwine,
And Art embraced them both while kneeling there.
O lovely Trio! may ye ever tread,
With sacred footsteps, o’er this world of ours!
And may earth’s children by your hands be led
To make it brighter than Elysian bowers!

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

METHOUGHT I once upon a summer ev'n
Was seated on a verdant, flow'ry plain; /
When lo ! three lovely beings glided by.
With rapture on their faces did I gaze,
With heav'nly beauty stamped. Upon their brows
Were silver coronets, whereon was traced,
In characters divine, the name of each.
Faith, Hope, and Charity, sweet sisters three,
Were they who to my raptured vision now
Appeared, encircled all with holy light.

Then Faith, the eldest of the trio, said,
"I come, O child of earth ! to bless mankind.
When all around is dark, and sadness casts
Its gloomy mantle o'er the souls of men,
When joy's last sunny ray has fled the soul,
And even Hope's bright eye is dimmed with tears,
Oh, then I bid desponding souls look up,
And wait, believing, till God's hand shall part
The clouds of sorrow in His own good time."

Then Hope—with voice like music-chimes of bells
O'er placid waters borne at eventide:—
"Through all the mazes of earth's wilderness

I light man's checkered pathway. When at last
Life's race is nobly run, and earthly scenes
Depart, I point him onward to a world
Of blissful immortality beyond."

She ceased, and Charity, with voice unlike
The buoyant tones of her bright sister Hope,
With thrilling cadence spoke harmonious,
Like sweetest seraph strains from heaven-land:—

"My gentle scepter silently I sway
O'er those who bid me dwell within their hearts.
'Neath my sweet influence man's soul grows strong
To bear with cheerfulness life's daily cross.
The hearts of men with Love's enduring chain
I gently bind, thus linking earth to heav'n."

"Oh, then," I said, when Charity had ceased,
"Sweet beings, come and dwell with me, and be
My guardian angels. Then, whate'er betide,
Though earthly friends depart, and cherished hopes
Forever fade away, I shall be blest."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF H. W. B.

OH, can it be that thou hast passed away,
My own dear little brother? can it be
That I shall ne'er again behold thy face?

But little more than one short year had fled
Since in the cold and silent grave was laid
Another precious little form, and then
Upon my soul this deep, dark shadow fell,
That ever, ever more must linger there,
Until we meet where death can never part.

No longer may I clasp within my own
Thy little baby hands, nor on thy lips
And cheek and brow impress a sister's kiss;
My voice no more shall soothe thee into sleep,
For thou wilt never wake on earth again.

Thou wast a little sunbeam in my path;
And now, how sad to think that thou art gone!
Oh, thou wast lovely e'en when death had set
Its seal upon thy brow, and sleeping 'mid
The flowers our loving hands about thee placed.
The rosebud white within thy little hand
Was fair, sweet emblem of thy innocence.
It is not wrong that I should grieve for thee;

A pitying Saviour chideth not my tears ;
For when His eye beheld the grief of those
Who mourned beside their only brother's tomb,
His own great, loving heart with sympathy
O'erflowed, and "*Jesus wept.*"

'Twill not be long,
Dear little Herbert; but a little while
And we shall meet where comes no grief nor pain.
Though now I cannot go to thee, I trust
Thy spirit-presence oft may hover near.

And, whether God has numbered out to me
Years few or many, may I well perform
My life-work ! Then, when I have gathered all
The brightest, noblest treasures that those years
Shall bring to me, *together we will view*
The unveiled glories of those higher spheres.

THE OCEAN BURIAL.

IT was midnight on the sea,
And a tempest raged around,
While the billows wild and free,
With a rushing, roaring sound,
Dashed against a noble bark,
As it plowed its way along
Through the treach'rous waves so dark,
In their midnight drap'ry hung.

Yes, 'twas midnight on the main,
Midnight solemn, dark, and drear ;
By the lonely couch of pain
Sat a mother, pale with fear.
But the storm she heeded not
That without was raging wild ;
All its terrors were forgot
While she watched her dying child.

“Mother,” said the dying one,
In sweet accents low but clear,
“Tell me, is my life’s work done ?
Tell me, for I do not fear.”
Then the mother gently bent
O’er the couch with tearful eye;

And the maiden seemed content
When she told her she must die.

“Mother, I had thought my tomb
Near our own loved home should be;
Where the violets would bloom
In their beauty over me.

Now I hear my Father call
From his mansions in the sky,
And I care not what befall,—
Care not though I here must die.

“So when my cold form they lay
'Neath the ocean wave to rest,
Let not one regret, I pray,
Find a place within thy breast.
Angel eyes are watching me,
Angel music greets my ear
Jesus, He will comfort thee;
Death's dark vale I do not fear.

“No, oh, no! e'en though the sea
O'er this cold, frail form may foam,
From all care and sorrow free,
I shall rest secure at home.”

While the mother watched her child,
Came the messenger of Death;
Closed the maiden's blue eye mild,
Breathed on her his icy breath.

Morning dawned, and all was still ;
For the storm had died away,
Subject to His all-wise will,
Whom the winds and sea obey.
For the mother's heart-felt grief,
Yielding almost to despair,
Earth afforded no relief;
This she found at last in prayer.

Ere another night had fled
Slept the maiden in her grave,—
Slept with the unnumbered dead,
'Neath the ocean's briny wave.

Oh ! thou great and mighty deep,
Holding in thy caverns strong
Loved ones, for whom many weep,
And have wept for, oh ! so long ;
There shall come a time when thou
In thy majesty sublime,
Though reluctantly, shalt bow
To the stern decree of time.

Then, when from Jehovah's eye
Guilty hearts would fain have fled,
Thou shalt hear the angel's cry,—
"Let the sea give up its dead."

THE PARTING OF THE OLD YEAR— THE COMING OF THE NEW YEAR.

ALL night long, strange, dirgelike voices
Floated wildly on the night-winds,
Whisp'ring this one word, "To-morrow."
And the Midnight said, "'To-morrow?'
What, O Night-winds, of 'To-morrow?'"
And the dirgelike voices answered,
"Know'st thou not, O solemn Midnight,
Knowest thou not that on the morrow
Comes the parting of the Old Year?
Hark! e'en now we hear him sighing,
Though he knows not he is dying,
To the Old Year, sad and sighing,
Who will whisper, 'Thou art dying?'"
And the solemn Midnight answered,
"Wait until the dawn of morning;
Wait, and let the sweet Day whisper
To the Old Year, sad and sighing,
Whisper softly, 'Thou art dying.'"
So they waited till the morning.

But the sweet Day, gently weeping
Till soft mists her eyelids covered,
Said, “Oh, no, I cannot whisper
To the Old Year, sad and sighing,
Cannot whisper; ‘Thou art dying.’”
Quickly then the mists dispersing,
Op’ning wide her eyes of beauty,
Looked she on the earth so joyous.
But the Old Year, though he knew not
That his hours were almost numbered,
Gazed upon her face in sadness.
And the Day, now gay and merry,
Dropped from out her fairy fingers
Gleaming sunbeams, bright and golden,
Till they rested like a halo
Round his brow, so pale and wrinkled.

When the laughing Day departed,
And her golden beams no longer
Rested ’mong his locks so hoary,
Then the Old Year watched her sadly,
Till her robes of gold and purple,
Trailing down the western heavens,
Were obscured by Twilight’s shadows.
And the Twilight would not whisper
To the Old Year, sad and sighing,
Would not whisper, “Thou art dying.”
So the Midnight, deep and solemn,

With her sable curtains hanging,
Hanging like a pall of mourning,
While the stars, like eyes of angels,
In whose sweet and holy glances
Love and sorrow both are mingled,
Through those sable folds were gleaming,—
Yes, the Midnight, calm and holy,
Spoke at last the solemn warning;
To the Old Year, sad and sighing,
Whispered softly, “Thou art dying.”

And the Old Year, sad and grieving,
Wrapped his mantle close about him,
Crossed the bound’ries of the present,
With the past was linked forever.

Through the golden gates of morning
Came the sweet Day laughing gayly;
Bringing in her joy and gladness
Smiles of welcome for the New Year.
And the Day’s bright eyes were tearless;
For she thought not of the Old Year;
Had not heard his words of parting,
Nor his sighs of grief and anguish.
For although the Day was lovely
With her innocence and beauty,
With her smiles and merry laughter,
Yet the Old Year in his sorrow

Found in Night's calm, gentle spirit
Something deeper, and more sacred,
Than the Day, so gay and merry,
Carried with her own gay spirit.
So when came the hour of parting,
All his griefs and all his sorrows
To the list'ning Night he whispered.

Thus it ever is with mortals;
For of all the deep emotions
Gushing from the soul's pure fountains,
Those we hold to be most sacred,
Give we ever to the keeping
Of the Night, so calm and holy.
For the Night unseals those fountains,
While perchance come thoughts so holy,
Fraught with such a mystic meaning,
Mortal lips can never speak them.

But the Day, so gay and merry,
Flung her golden beams as freely
Round the young brow of the New Year,
As so lately she had placed them,
Half in glee and half in sadness,
Round the pale brow of the Old Year.
And the New Year, too, laughed gayly,
As if death, and pain, and sorrow,

As if all that grieves and saddens,
From this earth had fled forever.

But we, too, would bring a greeting
Unto thee, O laughing New Year !
Bring a hopeful, tender greeting,
And these words to thee would whisper,
“Be to us a happy New Year.”
For though oft the soul grows stronger
If it pass with holy patience
’Neath o’erhanging clouds of sorrow ;
If it bow not to the tempest,
To the fierce, rough blast of sorrow ;
While the blue skies smile above us,
While the flowers unfold around us,
Must we ever love Joy’s sunlight
Better far than Woe’s dark storm-cloud.

And, O New Year ! gazing kindly
In thy face, so bright and cheerful,
Thus it is we come to greet thee
With a hopeful, tender greeting ;
Thus we greet thee, still repeating,
“Be to us a happy New Year.”

ISLE OF THE FAIRIES.

A BEAUTIFUL island there lies far away ;
And ever around it the sea breezes play.
There dwelt on that island a bright fairy queen,
As tiny a nymph as hath ever been seen ;
And with her dwelt many a fair little elf,
As beautiful, bright, and as gay as herself.

There all by itself does this lone island stand,
And many a long, weary mile from the land.
Its turf is as green, decked with blossoms as fair
As flow'rs of the tropics so lovely and rare.
And birds build their nests on an old rocky ledge,
Whose dark summits hang o'er the clear water's edge.

And never, no, never had mortal foot trod
That isle, with its flowers, meads, and velvety sod ;
When fairies once chancing the wild waves to roam,
Discovered the island and made it their home.
They chose from their beautiful number a queen ;
And surely a lovelier never was seen.

One morn, at the earliest hour of the dawn,
Some fairies tripped lightly o'er dew-sprinkled lawn,

And joining their hands in their own fairy style,
They gayly danced over their beautiful isle ;
When, gazing afar o'er the billowy tide,
They saw a boat land on the isle's farther side.

And lingering not, to the bower of their queen
They hastened, and told her of this they had seen ;
She blew with her trumpet a clear blast so shrill
That all came around her to list to her will ;
And just as the sun ushered in the fair day,
With speed of the lightning they hastened away.

And no one can tell where the fairies have flown ;
The fate of their queen hath not truly been known ;
But blithe, airy voices some strange stories tell :
They say that she lives in a beautiful shell
Far down in the depths of an old ocean cave,
Beneath the white foam of the billowy wave.

They say that she, too, has a palace, whose halls
Have emerald portals and coral-wreathed walls ;
And wears a bright diamond-gemmed crown on her
head,
Brought up from the depths of the old ocean's bed ;
With mermaids and ocean nymphs daily she roves
Through glens of the sea-flower and mystic alcoves.

SOUL SCENERY.

EACH human soul is in itself a world ;
A world with scenery more wondrous far
Than in the outer world was e'er revealed.
To view aright this scen'ry, we must turn
Our gaze from visions of the outer world,
And ope Interior Perception's eye.
And trusting to its clear, discerning light,
We enter now the silent realm of mind.
Behold ! the region of Ideas ; plains
O'er which the Understanding e'er presides ;
Beneath these plains are caverns, where are found
Ideas innate, the truths, the primal laws,
Forever coexistent with the soul ;
Impressed by God upon its essence ; when
It 'merged from out the deep and dark unknown
To being, in the universe of mind.
'Tis Reason holds these treasures in her trust,
To guard, arrange, combine, and with the aid
Of other pow'rs, and other things, to bring
Rich gems of thought to dignify the soul.
Behold ! where Phantasy her mountains rear,

Illumined with Imagination's light,
A lovely spirit treads those mountain heights,—
The spirit of the Beautiful. And all
That's noble, great, and good in human thought,
The richest gems from Reason's caves profound,
The flow'rs of faith, and hope, and love that bloom
Beside Emotion's pure and hallowed streams,
These all she bringeth to the mountain heights.
Behold ! upon the plains we first beheld
The spirit's temple consecrated stands.
There, at his shrine, the priestesses of God,
The Moral Powers, their ministries devote.
Thence issue all the virtues hand in hand,
And crowned with diadems of grace divine.
Throughout the Soul-world ever, ev'rywhere
Beside Emotion's streams, in Reason's caves,
On Understanding's plains, and Fancy's heights,
There floats the accents of a still, small voice,—
The voice of Conscience, and the voice of God.
In pow'r supreme, o'er all the other pow'rs,
The sov'reign *Will* sits arbiter of all,—
The Soul-world's destiny is in his hand.

The Mighty One, Creator of all life,
Eternal source of pow'r, holds life and death
Before created Will, and sayeth, "Choose."
He chooseth life;—and in the realm of Mind
Doth order, peace, and joy reign evermore.

He chooseth death ;—the light in Reason's caves
Grows dim and doubtful ; Reason gropes her way ;
Emotion's streams grow turbid ; on the heights
Of Phantasy the Beautiful may tread no more ;
The spirit's temple desecrated stands ;
The Virtues wonder with sad, downcast eyes ;
The still, small voice of Conscience louder grows,
Until its thunders heights and caves resound ;
And Mem'ry in her book these things doth seal,
To wait the op'ning at the Judgment-day.

INDIAN MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

WHERE the rushing, foaming billows
Of a noble river glide,
With the gently swaying willows
Flinging shadows o'er its tide;

By its darkly-gleaming water,
On the lovely flow'r-decked shore,
Sat an Indian chieftain's daughter
Mourning for the days of yore,—

For the days when through the wildwood,
Through the forest, and the glade,
She had wandered in her childhood
Unmolested, unafraid ;

When the red man down the river
Floated in his light canoe ;
With his arrows and his quiver
Hunted the dark forest through.

Once the sun its bright rays darted
Over lands no white man trod;
Now the Indian, broken-hearted,
Sadly pressed his native sod.

With the fires of anger flashing
From her dark and piercing eye,
Scornfully the tear-drops dashing,
Checking ev'ry rising sigh,

Wild and fearful words she uttered
In that still, sequestered place;
Wrathful imprecations muttered
On the white man and his race.

“Time shall come, O pale-faced nation !
When the Spirit ye call God
Shall pour woe and desolation
Over all the land so broad ;

“Blood and carnage, like a river,
Shall sweep o'er your country wide,
Making hearts with anguish quiver,
Bearing death-groans on its tide.”

Then her voice grew low; and sadness
Lingered o'er the maiden's words.
Hushed seemed ev'ry note of gladness
'Mong the warbling forest birds.

E'en the dark trees seemed to listen ;
Lower bent their stately heads,
Bright with hues that on them glisten
When the sun its last beams sheds.

“I am weary,” said the maiden ;
“Like some bird lost from its home,
All my song is sorrow-laden,
As I through this forest roam.

“Farewell, O thou foaming river !
With thy lovely flow'r-decked shore;
Farewell,—aye, farewell forever ;
I shall greet thee *nevermore*.

“For I feel that I am drifting
Onward to death's silent shores ;
Soon, these tired hands uplifting,
I shall drop life's weary oars.

“Soon I'll reach those sunny islands
In the far-off shining sea ;
Where upon their blooming highlands
I shall roam forever free.

“There the smiles of that Great Spirit
Shall repay the Indians' wrong ;
Brighter homes they will inherit
Than the ones they loved so long.

“ Farewell, then, O foaming river !
Farewell rock, and tree, and shore ;
Farewell,—yes, farewell forever,
I shall greet ye NEVERMORE.”

TO THE FLOWERS.

O FAIR and lovely blossoms, that adorn
All nature with your loveliness and grace!
From far-off South-lands blew the breezes mild,
And Springtime's gentle voice again was heard
That called you forth to follow in her train.
At her approach the moaning March-winds fled,
And April, 'mid its sunshine and its show'rs,
Led forth the floral train to welcome May.

Oh, say, fair children of the blooming spring,
Know ye the changes that old Time hath wrought
Since last the springtime blossoms met us here?
Heard ye the coming of that being dread,
The angel Death, whose dark and gloomy wing
O'er many hearthstones hath its shadows cast,
That never on this earth shall take their flight?
And now ye bloom o'er many new-made graves,
Where forms of infancy, of youth, and age
Are resting till the Resurrection morn.
Bright eyes that gazed upon the springtime flow'rs

Of that departed year, now with the past
Are closed forever to the light of earth ;
And many hands that held them in their clasp
Are folded now in quiet, peaceful rest.

Oh, ye are lovely ! wheresoe'er ye dwell ;
In far-off Greece by classic fount and flood,
Beneath Italia's bright and glowing skies,
In sunny plains, or silent solitude,
On prairie wild, in forest, or in dell.
Ye have a language, too, for ev'ry heart ;
Ye are in ev'ry clime and ev'ry land
With deep, poetic meanings ever fraught.

Sweet sisterhood of flow'rs, we welcome you ;
And may your forms of fragile loveliness,
Though transient bright, remind us of that land
To which our longing spirit ever turns,—
That land where beauty never fades or dies !

THE MIDNIGHT VISITOR.

It was a dreary night in winter-time,
And from the mountains swept the cold, rough blast ;
It was the hour when bells of midnight chime,
And all the skies with clouds were overcast.
Beside a hearth-fire blazing warm and bright
An aged sire sat with his wife and child ;
The ev'ning lamp diffused its cheerful light,
Though storms without were beating fierce and wild.

“ It is a fearful night,” the old man said,
As nearer to the fire he drew his chair,
“ For those who wander homeless and unfed,
The prey of poverty, and want, and care.
And oh ! what praise should from our hearts ascend
To Him who ruleth in the earth and sky,
Whose mercy doth to-night our way attend,
As it hath ever in the days gone by !”

The wife looked up, a smile upon her face,
That beamed with loveliness and beauty rare ;

For time had only left its gentlest trace
On features all unmarked by shade of care ;
And gazing on the daughter by her side,
Who sat absorbed in pensive, dreamy mood,
In sweet and solemn accents she replied,
“ God hath to us been ever kind and good.”

“ List, father, some one’s knocking at the door,”
The maiden said, with cheek quick growing pale.
“ It is the wind, my child, it is no more ;
Then wherefore doth thine eye with terror quail?”
And then they silent sat, and no one spoke ;
And save the night-wind’s and the tempest’s roar,
No other sound the solemn stillness broke,
Until there came a knocking as before.

This time the father heard, and turned the lock ;
But still, for fear, he opened not the door ;
He only said, “ Who art thou that dost knock ?
Tell us thy name, O stranger, if no more.”
Just then the cottage door flew open wide,
And o’er its threshold, with a ghastly mien,
A Spectre with a noiseless step did glide ;
But only by the maiden was he seen.

The parents knew it not ; they only saw
The shadows that its dark’ning presence threw

Upon the hearth, and sat in silent awe,
Until terrific shapes those shadows grew.
The maiden uttered one low, wailing cry,
Then her white lips grew cold, she could not speak;
The eyelid white drooped o'er the beaming eye,
And faded all the rose tints from her cheek.

And when at last the golden rays of morn
Dispelled the shadows of that fearful night,
The father, mother, stricken and forlorn,
Gazed on that form where death had left its blight.
And at the eventide to mother earth
They gave that lovely tenement of clay;
But still the shadows lingered on their hearth,
As if they nevermore would go away.

Though many summers round their home have smiled,
With bird-songs joyous, bright with flowers' bloom,
Since death came on that night and took their child,—
Still linger in their hearts those shapes of gloom,
That never, never more shall take their flight
Till in that Land where comes no grief nor pain,—
Where death no more the soul's fair hopes can blight,—
They meet their own, their long-lost child again.

TO MY SISTER, ON HER EIGHTEENTH
BIRTHDAY.

My sister, the autumns of eighteen bright years
With mournful, sweet glory have made the earth rise,
Since angels descending from heavenly spheres
To thee oped the beautiful gateway of life.

O life! so mysterious, wondrous, sublime !
O holiest gift from the Father of light !
May we have the wisdom, while dwellers of time,
To cherish thee sacredly, guard thee aright !

We know that each year as it circles away
Is bearing us on to eternity's shore ;
When death's waves shall dash o'er our forms their
cold spray,
We'll pass from earth's scenes, to return nevermore.

My sister, the sun of our earth life may set,
To beam nevermore in the valley of time ;
But over our spirits more glorious yet
Shall heaven life dawn in eternity's clime.

VOLURA'S VISION.

'TWAS night; and silence reigned o'er all the earth.
The holy angel Sleep had waved his wand
O'er many troubled, many peaceful souls,
And both alike were soothed to calm repose.
And there was one who on that silent night,
Long after ceased the chimes of midnight bells,
While bright the stars in heaven's concave shone,
To meditation deep her soul had given.
And while she mused upon celestial things,
Such tides of glorious thoughts swept o'er her soul,
Her being all with glowing rapture thrilled;
And when at last in sleep she closed her eyes,
This vision to her wond'ring soul was giv'n:

It seemed, beyond the confines of this world,
Though still enveloped by its clouds and mists,
In strange bewilderment she stood alone.
Soon rays of glory seemed to light the mists,
A pathway tracing through the fields of air;
And o'er that way a radiant being came.

And as intently then Volura gazed
Upon the visage of the glorious one,
Emotions deep of rapture thrilled her soul.
The messenger celestial nearer drew,
And said, in tones more sweet than music chimes,
“O child of earth! I come to be thy guide;
Come, soar with me and view the works of God.”
Thus saying, then the angel spread her wings
To traverse with Volura spaces vast.

They passed across the orbit of our earth;
Another orbit crossed, and then they reached
A planet which, though smaller than our own,
Doth nearest that great luminary lie,
The centre round which all the planets roll.
The name of this bright orb is Mercury.
And so intense with glory were the beams
Our sun upon its varied surface cast,
Volura said, with wondering delight,
“With scenes sublime, magnificent as these,
Not all my dreams of heav'n were ever fraught.”
The angel and Volura soared away;
And then to Venus' orb they swiftly came.
'Twas night, and 'mid its firmament of stars
Our own Earth shone like some resplendent moon.
Awhile they gazed upon these midnight heav'ns,
Then soon again their onward course pursued.

They passed beyond the orbit of the Earth,
Past Mars, and those four orbs that lie between
Its path and Jupiter's belt-circled sphere,
And winged their silent way to that vast orb
Called sov'reign of the planetary host,
To mighty Saturn, with its rings and moons.

Two mighty arches spanned its midnight heav'ns,
Reflecting on the planet glorious light ;
Between these arches lay a darkened space,
Where twinkling stars displayed their native beams ;
Resplendent moons illumined too the skies,
Of gibbous, spherical, and crescent forms ;
Some rising in the heav'ns as others set,
Some passing through eclipses now and then ;
And, bright'ning still the glory of the heav'ns,
Amid these orbs were blazing comets seen.
And as Volura viewed the scene sublime,
A solemn spell upon her soul was cast.
Awhile she stood in awe and wonder lost ;
Then to her angel guide she trembling said,
“O holy being ! tell me if among
This bright assemblage, though as some faint star,
My home is seen, the Earth whereon I dwelt.”
The angel said, in deep and solemn tones,
“Not half the spaces have we traversed now
Between the sun and planet most remote,

Yet through those spaces comes no glimm'ring ray
To tell us of the planet thou call'st Earth."

Then such a sense of deep humility
Sank o'er Volura's soul, it seemed as though
A shade of sadness o'er her spirit crept ;
But when the angel down upon her gazed,
With beaming eyes and Heav'n-illumined smile,
Such sweet and holy rapture thrilled her soul,
The sadness passed, she too looked up and smiled.

As on through space they winged their silent way,
Uranus in the distance they descried.

Still onward they with their swift motion passed,
The Solar System leaving far behind ;
The planetary orbs to view were lost ;
The Sun itself now seemed a twinkling star.

Through spaces then immeasurably vast
They soared to regions called the Milky Way,—
When, oh ! what scenes of grandeur on them burst !
The light was streaming from ten thousand suns,
And suns round suns in harmony revolved,
And some a white or bluish luster cast
On other suns of green or crimson hue,
And with contrasted light illumined the worlds
Which round those mighty suns for centers rolled.
Not then Volura nor the angel spoke,

But both with rapt devotion viewed the scene ;
And ringing clear, through purest ether borne,
They heard from far the music of the spheres.

A silence passed, and then the angel said,
While tears celestial filled her holy eyes,
“ O Mighty One ! who rul’st the universe,
From angels, seraphim, and starry spheres
To Thee be ever praise and glory giv’n.”

Still, on Creation’s *verge* they only stood ;
Through regions more profound of boundless space
Were countless nébulæ dispersed around.
They soared away ’mid regions still more bright ;
And o’er Volura now the angel spread
Her wing, to shield her from the dazzling beams.
But now a change ; for hitherto their way
Had only been through realms of glorious light ;
But far removed from these resplendent scenes
Before them lay a lone and darksome void,
So far remote that rays of distant suns
Could only of this darkness twilight make.
So wondrous to Volura was the change
From light to shade, she scarce could tell the way,
Till once again the angel spread her wings,
Reflecting from their folds now heav’ly light.

At last upon the verge of this dim void
A bright and heav'nly radiance there gleamed ;
More spiritual light than sun or star
Dispersed throughout the spaces left behind.
And then the angel to Volura said,
“O child of Earth ! through depths of space pro-
found
Of God's great universe I've passed with thee.
And now thou near'st with me the spirit's home,
Where kindred spirits wait to welcome me.
They too will welcome thee. They love the good,
The true, the noble, the aspiring soul,
In mortal or immortal form that breathes.
Still on through silent depths of boundless space
Unnumbered suns and starry systems roll,
And all the universe of God revolves
Around the center of infinity.
But enter now with me this blest abode.”

Soon o'er a gold-paved way they seemed to tread,
While round and o'er them crystal arches hung ;
There holy fountains, streams perennial, flowed,
And spirit forms were wand'ring to and fro.
Where'er the angel and Volura turned,
They met the glances of their spirit eyes ;
For in those realms of light, and joy, and love,

Smile answers beaming smile, thought answers thought.

And then the angel led Volura on
Where seraph minstrels chanted holy praise
Around some center, all in circles ranged,
And, lo ! that center was a glorious Throne ;
A Throne of dazzling whiteness, overhung
With golden clouds, whose fair ethereal folds
A holy radiance o'er all diffused.
And seated high upon this dazzling Throne,
And in primeval glory all arrayed,
The glory by the Father to Him giv'n
Ere suns and stars from ancient chaos sprang,
Was God's own Son. Beside the Throne there stood
Two beings : one majestic in his mien,
In whose right hand a golden balance swung,
And Justice was the mighty being's name,
The vindicator of God's holy law.
Of sweet and holy and of milder mien
Than that stern being who beside her stood,
Was Mercy, pleading angel sent to stand
Between stern Justice' wrath and fallen man.

Volura stood beside her spirit guide,
And with adoring rev'rence viewed the scene.
“ O child of Earth !” the holy angel cried,

"Come, nearer draw, and bow before the Throne."

Then seraph voices, seraph lyres, were mute,
And in that silence deep the Saviour said,
"O mortal one ! thou comest from that orb
Where inharmonious elements are rife ;
Where Truth, though ever striving, hath not yet
The scepter wrested from dark Error's hands.
But Truth, triumphant still, shall reign at last,
And Error, with its self-benighted train,
Be banished to the realms of endless night.
And then shall earth be all one paradise,
Where love shall fold its wing of purity,
And peace again o'er all its scenes shall smile.
And soon to earth thou shalt return again ;
But let the glorious scenes which thou hast viewed
A lasting impress leave upon thy soul.
If thou thy earthly mission well fulfill,
Thou shalt return again to these blest scenes,
And still progress in knowledge, virtue, truth,
Through all the ages of eternity."

Then while the Saviour on Volura gazed,
New thrills of joy her inmost being filled ;
She prayed—and, oh ! how earnest was the prayer—
That she through all life's coming days might be
Forever shadowed by an angel's wing,
Forever gladdened by a Saviour's love.

And then the angel to Volura said,
“Behold! yon silv'ry cloud that floats above
Shall waft thee gently on thy earthward way.”
As seraph fingers touched the golden lyres,
Volura floated on that cloud away;
While hallelujahs filled the dome of heav'n,
And round and round the crystal arches rang
The anthems loud and deep, by seraphs raised
To Him who ever was, and knows no end.

THE SONG-LAND.

O LOVELY and ideal realm of thought !
O land of poet-dreams ! how soft the airs
That o'er thy valleys and thy mountains blow !
And bright thy bow'rs and fountains sparkling clear,
And flow'rs of brilliant hues bedeck thee o'er.
A noble being over thee presides :
The goddess fair of mountain, vale, and fount.
Majestic, and yet gentle, is her mien.
A diadem of light rests on her brow,
And golden sunbeams gleam amid her hair,
And all her soul doth speak its language clear
From out the glances of her beaming eye.
The sweet inspirer of high thought is she,
And Inspiration is the goddess' name.

O lovely and entrancing land of song !
So sacred unto all that's pure and bright,
The lights and shadows that upon thee fall
Before my mental vision e'er appear.
I love thy hills and vales, thy founts and bow'rs ;
But, oh ! I love thy tow'ring mountains more,
Where echoings immortal ever ring,

And where the heavens, lit with God's own smile,
In love and peace bend o'er their summits grand.
And there, too, Poesy her garlands twines
To grace with beauty Science' noble brow.
The Muses Science as a sister claim,
And many off'rings unto her they bring
In token of their reverence and love.

Or how or whensoe'er to me were oped
Thy gates, O fair and wondrous land of song !
This do I know; the paths and winding ways
I to that entrance back can ne'er retrace.
For fetters, light as if of ether made,
Yet strong as if of iron texture wrought,
Have cast their mystic links about my soul
And bound it ever to the soul of Song.

May He who unto all a mission gives,
Shield from the too rough blasts that sometimes
sweep
Relentless o'er the wilds of earth's dark land,
And safely guide through life's meand'ring way,
Till in the song-land of the realms above,
All bright with poet-visions clearer far
Than e'er to mental gaze on earth are giv'n,
The soul shall sing in noblest strains to Him,
Creator of the beautiful and bright.

LIFE'S RIVER.

By a gently flowing river,
In the quiet hour of sunset,
Once a maiden sat and pondered.
Soon the quiet scene before her
Seemed to change, as if by magic ;
And she thought that she was standing
By a broader, deeper river,
O'er whose wide and restless waters
Many, many barks were sailing,
Laden with immortal beings.

In this stream were many islands,
Some of them all bright and lovely,
Covered with the fairest verdure ;
Lofty trees with pleasant shadows,
Blossoms of the sweetest fragrance,
Fountains of clear, gushing waters,
Made them fair almost as Eden.

In this stream were rocky islands,
With their cliffs all dark and frowning
Rising from the river-channel ;

While the waters round them flowing
Foamed and dashed like ocean billows.

Now and then a bark was stranded
On those bleak and barren islands,
Or engulfed within the surges
Round them rushing swiftly, wildly.
Then the dark cliffs of those islands
Sent forth echoes wild and dismal ;
Echoes of the cries of anguish
And the wild shrieks of the victims.

While the maiden thus intently
Gazed upon the scene before her,
Lo ! there came a glorious being,
Clad in robes all white and gleaming,—
Came and stood beside the maiden,
Fixed his spirit gaze upon her,
Lit with holy inspiration.

And she said, “ O holy being !
Tell me of this wondrous river ;
Tell me of those sunny islands,
With their bow'rs and trees and fountains ;
Tell me of yon rocky islands,
With their cliffs all dark and frowning.”

Then the angel, smiling sweetly,
Though his smile was tinged with sadness,
Quickly thus addressed the maiden :
“ This is Life's swift-rushing river.

Yonder bright and sunny islands
Are the isles of joy and gladness,—
Joys so bright, but brief and fleeting.
Askest thou of yon dark islands?
There Remorse, like some wan specter,
To and fro is wand'ring ever.
And when mortals, wand'ring, erring,
Love no more the good and noble,
Love no more the pure and holy,
Spirits from the realms of darkness
Urge them onward to those surges,
To those dark and fatal islands;
With Despair's black, starless midnight
Hanging with its gloom above them,
There in hopelessness they perish,
Lost to earth and lost to heaven.
Sometimes tearful-eyed Repentance,
Ere they reach those fearful islands,
Guides them to some quiet haven.
But their barks are tempest-beaten;
They have lost fair Truth's bright blossoms,
Most of Wisdom's precious jewels;
Only after toil and labor,
After weary, weary waitings,
Can they gain more of those treasures.
So they find, although Repentance
Sanctifieth, while it blesseth,

Innocence, that guardian angel,
Still is better than Repentance."

In low accents, then the maiden
Spoke again unto the angel:
"On the banks of this swift river
Grow dark trees with drooping branches;
And they fling their somber shadows
Far across the rolling billows.
And when o'er the deep, deep waters,
Darkened by these mournful shadows,
Sails a bark with mortals laden,
Lo ! a change comes o'er their faces :
Lips no more with smiles are parted ;
Eyes no more with laughter glisten ;
But a strange, strange look of sorrow
Settles dark upon their faces.
Now and then a tearful mortal
Lifts an eye of faith to heaven,
Gazes, too, on yonder mountains,
With their summits crowned with verdure
Bathed in purest light celestial.
Now explain, O holy being,
This strange scene, so fraught with myst'ry."
Thus she said. The angel answered,
"While the dark, dark trees of sorrow
Fling their deep and mournful shadows
O'er the current of Life's waters,

Woe and pain and grief and anguish
Still must be the lot of mortals.
Oft the noble soul grows nobler,
Stronger made through what it suffers ;
Driven from the sunny islands
Of earth's joys, so bright, but fleeting,
To the everlasting mountains;
To the heights beyond, above it,
With imploring gaze it turneth,
Asking for the smiles of Heaven
And the love of God and angels.
And in far-off realms of glory,
Where eternal skies are gleaming,
Where no shadows e'er have fallen,
And the night hath never entered,
All earth's sorrow-stricken children,
Trusting in the arm Almighty,
Dwell at last in peace and gladness.
When are past life's storms and tempests,
All its shadows and its darkness,
Then in loving tones the spirit,
Bound no more to earth's dominions,
In its holy joy may utter,
‘Even for the hour of anguish
I would praise Thee, O my Father.’ ”

THE SPECTER.

AMONG the demon forms that wander o'er
Our world, those shapes of sin, first causes great
Of ev'ry earthly ill and ev'ry woe,
A specter walks, the victims of whose wiles,
Lured down to death, in numbers far exceed
Those slain upon the battle-fields of earth.
Through hours of night, at midday, at all times,
Dauntless and unabashed he stalks abroad.
And many are the gifted and the proud
Who fall into his snares and lose their all;
The consciousness within of hearts upright
And pure; all hope of happiness and peace
In this the present life or that beyond;
While this destroyer writes upon each one,
In characters that may be read by all,
His name—*Intemperance*.

Where'er doth come
This soul-polluting presence, shadows fall
More dark than those which hang around the tomb.
For as his footsteps o'er the threshold pass
Of homes where joy abode, how soon

From those who watch the loved one's fall, departs
The sunlight of the soul! In vain for them,
So far as aught of gladness is concerned,
The morn, her fingers tinged with roseate hues,
Above day's banner glorious unfurls,
O'er whose blue field noontide throws cloudy folds;
And eve, with gentle aspect coming on,
A gold and purple lining gives to each,
Then closer wraps the gorgeous folds, till from
The earth fades out the glad and beauteous day.
So come and go the sunset, morn, and noon,
No more with images of beauty fraught
To those sad hearts who in each joyous thing
See naught but bitter mock'ry of their grief.

The vigils kept through many midnight hours,
The bitter, bitter tears that silent fall,
Beheld by none save the All-seeing Eye,
Are all by God's recording angel kept
In His own book.

Remember, ye who urge

This demon on, that ye may, from the spoil
And ruin by him wrought, your coffers fill,
For your wrong deeds just punishment shall come,
And dealt by Him Who vengeance calls His own.

THE HUMAN SOUL.—ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

O HUMAN soul! thou wondrous work divine,
Born later than the spheres, yet shall survive them all,
Whence comest thou? and whither tends thy way?
Tell us, O human soul! thy history;
Tell us, O human soul! thy destiny.
Long silent ages have their courses run
Since on this earth thy presence first was known;
Oh, tell us, in that dim and silent past,
Amid what lights and shadows thou hast roamed,
What holy aspirations have been thine,
What revolutions in the spheres of thought,
What conflicts and what vict'ries thou hast known,
What revelations have to thee been giv'n.
And where, O soul! hast thou thy records left?
Amid the band of muses, is there one
Who keeps for aye the sacred trust for thee?
If such there be, O muse! whate'er thy name,
We breathe an invocation unto thee.
Behold! she comes, of bright and noble mien,
A calm light beaming in her serious eye.

Within one hand she bears an ancient scroll;
And Clio, muse of Hist'ry, takes our hand,
To lead us back into the silent past,
To search thy history, O human soul!
She lifts the veil of sixty centuries.

And now behold, in Palestina's clime
The human soul, rejoicing in its pow'rs
Of new-born dignity and strength, receives
Primeval science from its Maker's hand,
Exalted converse doth with beings hold,
Immortal dwellers of celestial spheres,
Yet drawn by holy bonds of sympathy
With human soul companionship to claim.
These were thy Eden days, O human soul!

Whence came o'er thee so soon that shadow dark?
It was the shadow of Jehovah's frown;
For thou His mandate high hadst disobeyed,
And broke the bonds uniting thee to Heav'n.
Then some of thy great pow'rs, to powers turned
Of darkness, and yet mighty still in strength,
Worked woe and desolation all around.

A moral darkness spread o'er all the earth;
Just indignation filled the courts of Heaven,
And sadness reigned far through the universe;
The very heav'ns, that sphered the darkened earth,
Grew black and dismal at Jehovah's frown.
The angry clouds then to each other spoke

In tongues of fire; and back the answers came
In hollow groans. The fountains of the deep
Were broken up, and heaven's windows oped;
And earth was buried 'neath a wat'ry tide.
Long days and nights the elements prevailed.
At last, by mandate of the Will supreme,
The earth emerged from its baptismal flood.
And now for thee, O soul! new life began;
For, humbled, and distrustful of thy own,
But filled with awe at the Almighty pow'r,
The infinite now reigneth o'er thy thoughts.
These were thy days of faith, O human soul!
An epoch in thy history, sublime.

'Twas then, when God to earth again drew near,
From Sinai, witness of His presence dread,
The Revelation unto thee was giv'n,
Unfolding, O thou soul! thy duties high.

And now we turn from Palestina's land,
And journey far away to other climes.
The burning skies of India o'er us bend;
And, far beyond, the seas of China roll.*
The clust'ring hills of Persia gently rise;
And Egypt's land is in the distance seen.
Yet o'er these lands, so rich in nature's gifts,
The light of Revelation had not shone.
Yet, bearing as thou didst, O human soul!
Thy Maker's image in thy essence deep,

Here, as a dweller of these tropic climes,
Deprived of Revelation's clearer light
To tell thee of the true and only God,
Yet from the dim vague mem'ries of thy birth,
And from thy intuitions strong and deep,
Thy thought pow'rs strange yet grand conceptions
wrought.

The muse of History unrolls her scroll;
And, gazing on its mystic page, we trace
These strange bright offsprings of primordial thought.

And who this Being pure, the Infinite?
First substance, plunged in slumber deep divine,
Existence wrapped in shadows luminous?
Yet, waking from this slumber, speaks the word,
And all creation into being springs.
To India's clime the muse of Hist'ry turns,
And says to us, "Behold their deity."
Philosophy and science here unfold,
All wrapped in these primordial forms of thought.

But in the past we may not linger long;
And farther gaze along the mystic page.
Taiki—the summit great, what means this name?
'Tis Reason primitive, whence all proceeds;
And all creation on this summit rests.
Where had this thought its birth? To China's land
We turn. The muse with smile confirms our thought.
What great thought, Persia, found with thee its home?

Illimitable time—Eternity.

From this Eternal came the Pure and Good ;
Of light the being ;—the creative word.
The essence too of darkness from it came ;
And light and darkness ruled the universe,—
And hence in time's dominion deadly strife.
But darkness should at last be changed to light ;
Creation's strife should end, and all be peace.

Philosophy of Egypt claims a thought,
Its deity the source of life and light,
And principle of all existences.

Now from these lands our way we quickly turn,
And journey onward to the isles of Greece.
What contests here, O soul ! thy pow'rs have waged !
What glorious vict'ries, too, were here achieved !
Too long we linger here, if we would trace
The elements of darkness and of light,
Now leading thee to error, now to truth.
The elements of darkness passing then,
Some elements of light we here would trace,
For thee portending brighter mental day.
Three names upon the ancient page we see ;
Immortal names, whose glory ne'er shall die.
O Socrates ! we hail thee as the one
Who led Philosophy to Truth's own land,
Through Wisdom's and through Virtue's holy gates.
O Plato ! rev'rently we breathe thy name,

The great of intellect, the high of soul,
Who taught Philosophy to soar above
Material changing forms of time and space,
And rest within Ideas' own true realm ;
Ideas changeless as their Source divine.

And, oh ! what homage do we render thee,
Thou mighty giant in the world of thought !
And not till thought itself shall cease to be,
Shall Aristotle find oblivion's shade.

Much truth within, Philosophy here found ;
Much grandeur in ideas Art hath wrought.

We fain would linger on thy classic shores,
Thou Heaven-gifted, thou beloved Greece ;
But fleeting time forbids our longer stay.

O human soul ! how great, how high thy thought,
Though broke the links uniting thee to Heav'n !
And now Jehovah's eye is on thee turned,
In pity for thy sad, thy lost estate ;
And God's own hand shall bind those broken links
And claim thee once again the child of Heav'n.
And yet let sorrow mingle with thy joy ;
For thee, redemption's work is only wrought
Through anguish and through suffering Divine.
This solemn epoch in thy history
Thou shalt, O soul ! within thy mem'ry bear
While everlasting ages onward roll.

Philosophy and Art shall serve thee still,

Made nobler through the influence divine
Religion's presence o'er their spirits wields.
The muse of Hist'ry drops the veil of time,
And in the past's dim land we roam no more,
But with the present now stand face to face.

O human soul ! thou wondrous work divine,
Born later than the spheres, yet shall survive them all,
The light of eighteen centuries is thine.
The holy and the great of ev'ry age,
Their voices sounding through the halls of time,
To action, noble action, call thee now.
The High and Holy One who rules o'er all,
Who unto thee, O soul ! thy being gave,
For mighty, glorious work hath destined thee.
The world of thought all round about thee lies ;
'Tis bounded only by infinity ;
Here thou, O human soul ! mayst ever roam.
Behold ! afar beneath the bright clear blaze
Of Heav'n's own light, a lofty temple stands.
Speed thitherward, O soul ! thy willing way ;
'Tis Truth, 'tis God's own priestess meets thee there.
Oh, fear not thou to lay upon her shrine
All that thou art, and all thou hast to give ;
Immortal glory thy reward shall be.
And mighty is the work her cause demands ;
For dark contending pow'rs roam o'er the earth,
With deadly weapons armed ; though oft disguised

As forms of light their evil forms conceal.
Of sordid visage, 'mong them Mammon stands.
To Christ's own cherished one, the Church, he cries,
"Fear not the splendid gifts I offer thee:
These dazzling gems, these goodly pearls receive;
They'll but new lustre to thy beauty give."
And 'mong opposing pow'rs is none more dark
Than Persecution, of dark, hating eye,
Reheating ceaselessly his raging fires.
And false Philosophy obtrusive seeks
Bewild'ring shades upon the light to cast
That Truth's own ministers disperse around.
Nor are there wanting base, ignoble pow'rs,
O noble Art! to call thee them to aid;
Nor here vain Pleasure's flatt'ring voice, to call
To earthly joys the Heav'n-directed soul.
O Zion's Daughter! heed not Mammon's voice;
False gems and pearls are those he offers thee;
Receive not, then, those vain though dazzling gems,
But Christ's white lilies wreath around thy brow;
Array thyself in thine own bridal robes,
The pure white bridal robes of righteousness.
A regal throne awaits thee; Christ shall come,
And at His right hand thou shalt sit a queen;
For lo! thy Bridegroom is the King of kings.
Philosophy, we call on thee to guard
Thy sanctuaries from intruders dark.

Thy work is holy, and thy aims are high,
And high and holy thy reward shall be.
O noble Art ! keep heavenward thine eye ;
Thy work is noble, noble thy reward.
O human soul ! .on Truth's bright holy shrine
Lay all thou art, and all thou hast to give.
Truth's pow'rs shall be triumphant over all :
Triumphant o'er those dark, contending pow'rs,
Triumphant o'er the peril and the strife,
And o'er the flames of Persecution's fires.
The past, the present, call on thee to act.
If well thy work is done, then far away,
Beyond the uncongenial climes of earth,
Beyond the wondrous heav'ns that o'er thee bend,
A glorious future waiteth thee, O soul !
And then thy spirit-pinions, plumed anew,
Shall sweep with pow'rs sublime the sphere of thought ;
Thy Father's smile shall there thy sunlight be,
Thy Saviour's love in blessing on thee rest ;
And angel friends around thee, happy soul,
Shall gently clasp affection's golden links.
Thou hadst thy past ; thou hast thy present now ;
And thou shalt have thy future, human soul.

O past and present ! ye are wondrous words :
A world of meaning to our thoughts ye bring.
Each life hath had its past ; its present feels ;
Its future, yet untried, shall feel and know.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

OH, solemn is the ceaseless, silent flow
Of that mysterious deep,—the sea of Time.
Unfathomed are its depths; while all around
Eternity's far shores in grandeur rise.

And now, where gently roll the placid waves
'Neath morning's twilight, tremulous and pale,
A little bark lies idle on the shore.

Now in the holy stillness of the morn
We hear the rustling of seraphic wings:
More tremulous the twilight shadows seem,
And tremulous beneath the waters flow.

Beams of soft light now the shore illume;
Gleameth the bark like a beauteous pearl;
By it the angel of life doth stand,
White wings enfolding a fragile form.

Gazes he now on the little bark,
Then o'er the waters so vast and wide.

Sadness a moment is o'er his soul.

Soon o'er his visage, so calm and bright,
Smiles of ineffable sweetness beam.

White wings how tenderly now unfold,

And in the bark is the frail form placed.
Soon, with the light of the early dawn
Streaming around his celestial form,
Angel guide enters the little bark,
Taking the oar in his gentle hand.
Silently, slowly, beyond the shore,
Out on the fathomless ocean Time,
Angel and child by the bark are borne.
Cloudless the heavens that o'er them bend ;
O'er the calm waters that round them glide
Sunbeams like jewels are glist'ning now.
Onward, still onward, the bark doth glide ;
Shores in the distance are lost to view ;
Higher the waters around it roll ;
Brighter the heavens above it bend.
Lo ! on the heavens, in lines of light,
Imagery wondrously fair is traced :
Fountains, and shadowy bow'rs, and groves,
Palaces, temples, and lofty domes.

Now in the bark, with its angel guide,
Childhood's frail form we behold no more :
Youth do we see, with his beaming eye
Fixed on the imagery traced afar.
Glows all his spirit with new-born fires ;
Quickly he turns to his angel guide :
“ Tell me, O angel ! if thou dost know,
What are those forms that are traced on high.”

Answers the angel, in low, deep tones,
“ ‘Tis the mirage that reflecteth there
Forms in the islands of Hope beyond.

Soon thou, O Youth ! shalt behold those isles
Bathed in the sunlight’s eternal glow,
Beautiful realm of a goddess bright.”

Noble and high is the soul of Youth ;
Proud is the light in his flashing eye ;
Thus does he speak to his angel guide :
“ Why, gentle angel, so long thy stay ?
Strong is my spirit, nor asks thine aid ;
O’er these bright waves let *me* guide my bark.”

Now, with admiring yet tearful gaze
Fixed on the youth, doth the angel speak :

“ Mariner out on the sea of Time,
Bound for Eternity’s distant shores,
Take thou this oar, for I wing my flight
Far to my home in the starry spheres.”

Now from the heavens a golden cloud
Over the bark like a light descends ;
Lo ! then the angel, with wings outspread,
Floats on that cloud to the realms above.

Soon then the youth, with his eager gaze
Fixed on those forms the mirage hath traced,
Plunging his oar in the dashing tide,
Hurries his bark to the isles of Hope.

Now he has come to those sunny isles ;
By him a radiant being stands ;
Heavenly light in her beaming eye
Telleth at once her celestial birth ;
And in melodious tones she saith,
“ Welcome, O Youth ! to the isles of Hope.
Moor here thy bark for a little while ;
Wander with me o'er this lovely realm.
First, then, O Youth ! let me guide thy way
Where in her temple Religion waits,
Pearl without price unto thee to give :
Mayest thou, Youth, this fair pearl receive.
Keep it forever, if thou wouldest reach
City of Light on the mount of God.
Only to those who shall bring this pearl
Angels will open its golden gates.
Seest thou that temple with lofty dome ?
Wisdom and Truth there thy coming wait,
Counsels to give thee to guide thy way.”
Led by the goddess of Hope, the youth
Bows at Religion’s most holy shrine,
And from her hand he receives the pearl ;
And in the temple with lofty dome
Counsels from Wisdom and Truth receives,
Wanders by fountains of pure delight,
Wanders through shadowy groves and bowers.
Then he unmoors his frail bark once more,

Launching again on the sea of Time.
By him the goddess of Hope doth stand ;
And in her hand is an anchor clasped.
Speaks she again in melodious tones,
“Take thou this anchor, and it, O Youth !
If when afar from these happy isles
Storms and fierce tempests should round thee rage,
Token of safety shall be to thee.
Oh ! but if thou by the isles of Fear
Losest this anchor, then woe to thee !
Near these there lie, and with wrecks o'erstrewn,
Rock-bound and dismal, the isles *Despair*.
And if from Heaven there come no aid,
Swiftly then on to those dismal isles
Shall thy bark sweep on that foaming surge,
Till on those rocks it shall lie,—a wreck.”
Now in the bark is the anchor placed ;
Onward it sweeps o'er the dashing waves.

Now far away from those happy isles
See we the bark by the tempests driv'n ;
See we where Youth was its guide before,
Manhood, with firm and with high resolve.
Earnest his eye on the anchor rests,
Dark grow the heavens ; and blackened clouds,
Bound by the lightnings with fiery chains,
Frowningly gaze on the deep below,

Rousing to anger the surging waves ;
Then, like a watery wall, the waves,
Gathering now round the storm-worn bark,
Break ; and the lightning's red blaze reveals,
Dark'ning and gloomy, the *isles of Fear*.
Gazes the mariner on its shores ;
Darker and deeper the shadows grow.
Over the bark do the billows ride ;
And from its place is the anchor swept,
Plunged in the watery depths below.
Now, on the fierce and stormy blast,
Shrieks from the mariner wildly float ;
Feels he, as swiftly the currents roll,
On to the isles of Despair he drifts.
Turns he, imploring, his eye to Heav'n.
Part the black clouds that above him bend ;
Light from the heavens in glory beams.
By him there hovers an angel form,
Guardian now, and his guide before.
Thus to the mariner now he speaks :
“ Still do not fear, though thy hope be lost ;
Message I bring from the realms of Faith :
Soon from those realms shall the breezes blow,
Wafting thee far from these dismal isles.”
Spoke thus the angel, then winged his flight.
Quickly the winds and the waves are stilled,

Pure breezes blow from the realms of Faith,
Wafting the bark on its peaceful way.

Oh, solemn is the ceaseless, silent flow
Of this mysterious deep,—the sea of Time.
'Tis twilight now upon its peaceful waves ;
Yet all the shadows are with glory tinged ;
For earthly twilight blends with heav'nly day.
And now, behold ! within the beaten bark,
Old Age, with furrowed brow and silv'ry hair.
Upon Eternity's now bright'ning shores
The guardian angel doth his coming wait.
The boat is moored upon the heav'nly strand ;
And once again the guardian angel speaks :
“ O mortal, hast thou brought the priceless pearl
That in the isles of Hope to thee was giv'n ?
If so, immortal, then, oh ! follow me,
And I will guide thee to the mount of God,
Will bring thee to the New Jerusalem ;
There be the priceless pearl that thou hast brought
The brightest gem in thy eternal crown.”

There comes a sound like rush of seraph wings.
Their songs of welcome chant the seraph choirs.
The twilight wanes. Time's shadows all are lost
Within the light of heav'n's eternal day.

ALMA MATER! FARE THEE WELL.

To meetings on this earth, a parting must be,
And solemn and sacred our parting from thee,
Thy walls, Alma Mater, so long were our home,
So oft have we gathered beneath thy loved dome ;

So often thy voice, with its clear ringing tone,
Hath called us to thee in the days that are flown ;—
While Mem’ry shall cherish with care and delight
Her treasures most noble, or holy or bright.

She’ll cherish thee sacredly, tenderly, long ;
Yes, cherish thee still, when the words of our song
Forgotten may be, and our spirit its flight
Hath winged to the land of the true and the bright.

Thy walls, Alma Mater, may crumble away,
The love that we cherish thee cannot decay ;
For time shall but brighten remembrance of thee,
And through fleeting years thou but *dearer* shalt be.

By light o’er the days of our girlhood thou’st thrown,
In *womanhood’s* years be thy *influence known* ;
Now while o’er our souls rests this sad holy spell,
We tenderly, tearfully, bid thee *farewell*.

CRUCÈ AND CORONA.

'Tis night upon the sea; the heav'ns are black;
And storms and whirlwinds sweep the foaming deep;
And ever and anon, electric light
Terrific splendor flashes on the scene,
Revealing by its bright and fearful gleam
A noble vessel wrestling with the storm.
And wilder round it do the whirlwinds sweep,
And higher round it do the billows roll,
Until at last the tempests dash the ship
Their yielding prey upon the wreck-strewn reef.

Then 'midst the din of elements arise
The cries of human anguish, while despair
Like clouds of darkness gathers round each soul,
And hope its starlight quenches in the gloom.

Each pow'r that sways the empire of the soul
Grows still with terror,—all save Memory,
Who to and fro, on time's fast-dark'ning shores,
Walks solitary by the sea of death.

Amid this band of hope-bereaven ones
A mother clasps in agony her child;

But in one moment of her anguish keen
Rush visions of the past upon her soul.
The hopes, the fears, the joys, of buried years ;
The care Divine on all her life bestowed.
Faith's star dispels the clouds of dark despair.
Then in the mighty rush of roaring waves,
The thunders' awful and death-threat'ning sound,
She hears the footsteps of her Father-God,
And calmly, quietly as little child
Would seat itself upon some grassy knoll
To watch its father's labors, so doth she
Sit down upon that tempest-beaten reef,
Her little one still cradled in her arms,
In childhood's ill-unconscious peaceful rest.

Broad sheets of lightning spread across the heav'ns,
And by its light a cavern she beholds
Within a cliff that towers overhead.
A Heav'n-sent thought comes quickly to her soul ;
She bows her head in pray'r, and, rising now,
Bends earnest gaze upon her sleeping child ;
Then, reaching high, she lays it in the cave.
She may not come there, for no human feet,
Amid the darkness of tempestuous night,
Can pass the rocky paths that thither lead ;
And, praying still, she stands upon the reef.

Still wildly on the foaming billows dash,
And higher round the reef each moment roll,
Some mortal sweeping to the depths beneath.
With calm sublime the mother meets her fate.
The darkness of the hour just ere the dawn
Broods o'er the reef; no human form is there.
'Tis morn upon the sea. With sails unfurled
To gentle breezes, o'er the azure waves
Majestically a stately vessel glides.
A piteous cry floats o'er the heaving waves,
And startles ev'ry soul within the ship,
A wailing cry that vibrates on the heart
With pow'r as can no sound but human voice.
The ship moves on; and soon before the view
There tow'rs a cliff high o'er a wreck-strewn reef.
A boat is lowered from the vessel's side,
Two sailors brave row swiftly to the reef,
In silence tread among the wrecks, and come
Where still within its cavern cradle lies
The little one that in the last night's storm
The mother left in trembling hope and trust.

Upon the child the wond'ring sailors gaze,
And wonder in the child's soul stills her cries.
But wonder gives to disappointment place,
As suddenly to consciousness there comes
The mem'ry of her mother. From the cave

The sailors lift the sobbing child, and hence
In silence bear her to the waiting boat,
That glides to meet the vessel far away.

'Tis sunset's hour ; and grand old ocean rolls
Its gold-tinged billows up the em'rald steeps,
The moss-grown rocks that circle in their strength
A beauteous isle ; though on one side the rocks
Complete above their circle by an arch,
Thus giving entrance to the waves below,
That rolling on in gentler motion flow,
A sea-born river, 'tween the verdant slopes
That lie on either side. The stately ship,
Returned from voyaging the distant main,
Now furls its sails, and anchors in the haven.

A throng of human beings press the shore,
And joyful greetings wait the vessel's crew,
Who hasten from the ship. And now at last
The ship's commander, leading by the hand
The child they rescued from the wreck-strewn reef,
Steps on the land ; and, greetings interchanged,
Speaks thus he to the throng which gathers round :
“ My friends, I bring to your most lovely isle
A little stranger. On a distant reef
Some fragments of a shattered vessel lie,—
We doubt not, stranded there in last night's storm ;

And none survive to tell the fearful tale
Of those who perished, nor what hand had placed
Within a cave, deep in o'erhanging rocks,
Above the water's reach, this little child,
Who yet, it seems, hath only learned to lisp
The name of 'mother,' and her own, 'Crucè.'
Oh, well, my friends, ye know my only home
Is on the deep. But who of ye that dwell
Upon this island fair will welcome home
The stranger child? Whoe'er thou be, O friend!
I pray that thou mayst in her presence find
The blessing of an angel unaware."

The eyes of all are fixed in wond'ring gaze
Upon the child, whom now the speaker lifts
Upon a moss-grown rock. Around her brow
The light of sunset like a halo rests;
Her locks, as dark as plumes of raven, glow
With wondrous luster in the setting beams.
With eyes cast down a moment thus she stands,
Then, slowly raising them, her gaze is caught
By brilliant tinted clouds that glorify
The dim horizon's verge. Now on the throng
She looks with timid, half-averted eyes;
Yet in the transient glance from those dark depths
A high, mysterious expression comes,
That tells of something in the childish soul

That scarce three earthly years hath sojourned here,
Which touches ev'ry soul with interest
More sad, more tender e'en, than that called forth
By what they know already of her fate.

The little stranger now, as if her soul
Had felt the sympathy of those around,
Turns on them full her deep and pensive gaze.
It seems as through her eyes a spirit gazed
Whose being all had passed amid the shades
Of sorrow's land; yet in her glance is blent
With that mysterious sadness, other look,
Prophetic, high, that seems to tell of pow'r
To triumph o'er all sorrow at the last.

Now from the silent throng advancing comes
A man, who stands beside the moss-grown rock;
And thus he to the ship's commander speaks:
"This morn, O friend! beheld the island turf
Placed o'er the coffin of my little child.
This little stranger to my lonely home
I welcome. There a mother she will find;
And little sister in the lost one's place
Shall be the stranger to my only child.

"Crucè, my little one, wilt go with me?"
Two little outreached hands are his reply.
He takes her in his arms, and to his home

He bears her through the deep'ning twilight shades.
Within the dwelling all is hushed and still;
Through all bereavement's presence seems to breathe.
He enters silently, and soon to her
The promised mother tells the story sad,
The shipwreck on the reef in ocean storm,
And how within the cavern they had found
The sole survivor. To the stranger child
The mother's heart a mother's welcome gives ;
And lips maternal sing the lullaby
They sang the little one who sleeps in death.
This night the little stranger's ringlets dark
Float o'er the pillow where few nights ago
The golden tresses of the lost one lay.

Now morning dawns upon this lovely isle.
The sun's ascending beams with beauty crown
Its groves, its moss-grown rocks, and happy homes.
Beneath a vine-embowered shade, beside
The lovely home Crucè should call her own,
Sits he who bore her thither, all absorbed
In deep reflective thought. The entrance-way
That opens to that bow'r is toward the east.
Within the golden light that inward streams,
A childlike form appears. Her broad fair brow,
So white in pureness that a seraph's lips
Might touch with holy kiss its fair expanse,

Betokens wondrous pow'r of intellect.
Her clear blue eyes, within whose placid depths
A rare celestial brightness softly gleams,
Are fixed in thoughtful gaze upon the man,
Who seems not yet to note her entrance there,
But soon as thought returns to outward things
Perceives amid the shadows of the leaves
The shadow of the childish form; and then,
Without uplifted glance, he gently says,
“Corona, is it thou? Come hither, child.”
And, seated by her father’s side, the child
With wonder listens to the story sad,
The shipwreck on the reef in ocean storm,
And how within the cavern they had found
The sole survivor. For on yester eve,
When he the tale repeated, she had slept,
In grief and weariness, a troubled sleep.
And when of her the father asks, “Wilt thou,
Corona, welcome home this little child?”
She answers with a happy smile, and joy
Beams radiantly from her clear blue eyes.
But when he to his question adding says,
“To be a sister in the lost one’s place?”
The bright smile vanishes, the lips compress,
And tears beneath the drooping eyelids flow.

Is it the mem’ry of the little one

Awakened by that one word, "sister," works
This quick transition? or with this did come
A fear lest in a void within her soul
A stranger rudely ent'ring should intrude?
Though only seven summers o'er her head
Have floated in their beauty, yet hath she
Thoughts far more high, emotions deeper e'en
Than many who have entered death's dark vale,
Their hair all whitened with the snows of age.
Howe'er it be, the father questions not,
But, rising, only says, "Corona, come."

Before an open window, where the light
Through vines of honeysuckle trembling beams,
Cruce is standing. On her clasping hands
Her little head is leaned. From window-vines
By morning's breezes dropped, the blossoms red
Lie 'mong her ringlets black. Her large dark eyes
Are gazing in the deep-blue sky beyond.

Corona and her father enter there,
And gaze in silence on the stranger child.
Some moments pass, and then she turns her head;
Her sad eyes, shining with a loving light,
Are fixed upon the father; and he comes
And lays his hand in blessing on her head.
Corona comes,—and, while the little form

Her arms entwine, in rev'rent tones she says,
" My little sister God hath sent to me."

II.

'Tis morn again upon this lovely isle ;
And years have passed since 'neath that bow'r of vines
Corona heard the story of Crucè.
Corona now is seated in that bow'r,
Her childhood flown, in youth's bright, lovely dawn ;
The rare celestial light within her eyes
Hath deepened, brightened. Now her gaze is bent
Upon a volume that before her lies.

Beside Corona stands an aged man.
With thoughtful aspect on her doth he gaze,
Absorbed in meditation. Now and then
The girl looks up and interrupts his thought
By questioning upon the volume's thought.
Sometimes his answers quickly come ; and long
On subjects of high import his discourse.

Whene'er Corona's question doth relate
To aught that doth concern the human soul,
Its workings, destiny, or duties high
To God above and to its fellow-souls,
There comes a light within the old man's eyes

Like that of inspiration ; and his soul
Soars upward into realms of thought where oft
His soul hath traversed in life's bygone years.

Crucè is seated too within the bow'r ;
And when Corona thus her questions asks,
And thus the old man unto them replies,
The volume in her hand is closed ; her eyes
With brighter luster glow ; and o'er them oft
The shadow of mysterious sadness comes,
That in her childhood's now fast-fleeting days,
When happy home and kindly hearts are hers,
Is still the same, unless still deeper grown,
As that which touched the chords of sympathy
In hearts of those who thronged the island shore
When she a stranger to that island came.

This aged man upon this island fair
Hath dwelt for many years. But whence he came,
Or wherefore thither, few that know or ask.
He dwells alone, within a little cot
Among majestic steeps of moss-grown rocks.
In solitude his life hath mostly passed ;
But there is not a home upon this isle
Where sorrow deep or some great joy hath come,
But there he comes to weep with those who weep
Or joy in others' joy.

And thus it was,
When death's dark shadow fell upon his home,
Corona's father saw the old man stand
Beside the coffin of his little child
And offer up this prayer. •

“O Father ! Thou
The spirit gem hast from the casket borne.
O grant that he to whom this gem was giv'n
Through faith's clear vision may behold it shine
Within thy diadem, O Saviour crowned !
And, by its bright endearing luster drawn,
May come and bow at Calv'ry's holy shrine,
And own thy saving power, O Lamb of God !”

Long afterward within that father's soul
A still small voice had uttered o'er and o'er,
“And own thy saving pow'r, O Lamb of God !”
For though this man his great Creator God
Acknowledged both in matter and in mind,
And though his soul in adoration bowed
To all that's beautiful and good and true,
To wisdom, virtue, ev'ry noble pow'r,
Yet had not claimed he as his own the Friend
Above all other friends—the Saviour God.

Corona from her early years was taught
The worship of the beautiful. Her soul

Transfused with all the glory of its pow'r,
Emotion, thought had yielded to its sway.
The *one great worship* too her soul had learned :
In holy accents from her mother's lips,
The story of Redemption she had heard ;
And oft herself perused the sacred page.

In childhood's holy trust her soul she gave
To Christ her Saviour ; and it ever was
That through the beautiful she worshiped God.
But still her father through Redemption's way,
The soul's true living way, approached not God ;
Until the still small voice within his soul,
That uttered o'er and o'er the old man's prayer,
Awakened all the energies of thought,
And unbelief's foundations trembling shook.
A pow'r more mighty than the earthquake's shock
Seemed rending all his soul ; and then to Christ,
In anguish and humility, he cried,
And light, and peace, and pardon answ'ring came.

The aged man is versed in wondrous lore
Of bygone times. The pathway he has traced
Philosophy has trod descending down
The course of ages ; and great truths, unveiled
By science, history, to him are known.
The three great sources of divinest lore
To man e'er given, most his soul doth prize,—

The Book of Revelation, nature's page,
The wondrous volume of the human soul.
This aged man philosopher is called,
And rev'rend friend, by most upon this isle.

Corona's father by his earnest wish
Had won the old man from his solitude,
From day to day instruction to impart
To these young girls, Corona and Crucè.
And thus it is, this lovely morn doth find
These three within the shadow of the bow'r.

The years revolve. It is the sunset hour;
The quiet sunset of a Sabbath eve.
Again beneath the shadow of the bow'r
These three are met.

The aged teacher clasps
The sacred volume ; and the dying gleams
Of sunset o'er the hallowed pages rest.
In clear deep tones, of Jesus doth he read
When, passing by, the blind one He did heal.

And now, the volume closing, o'er his hand
His hoary head he bows in solemn thought.
With reverence his pupils on him gaze.
A moment o'er Crucè's dark pensive eye
The shadow of mysterious sadness comes,

But passes soon before the bright'ning gleam
Prophetic of a high triumphant pow'r.

Upon Corona seems to rest the spell
Of some celestial vision ; and her eyes
Turn heavenward with inspiration bright.

And when at last the aged one looks up,
His eyes are bright with hope that shines through tears,
And thus he to his pupils now doth speak :

“ My children, I was thinking of the words
Which Jesus spoke to His disciples here,
When of Himself He said that while 'twas day
The work of Him that sent Him He must work.
I thought, too, of that night of which He speaks,
The night that cometh when no man can work.
I know to me that night is coming soon :
The record of my life is almost closed ;
And whether I my life-work well have wrought,
He knoweth only Who all things doth know.
But in my soul there is a holy faith
That I shall stand at last at God's right hand.”

The old man ceases. And then Corona saith,
“ O rev'rend friend ! the lessons thou hast taught
Have left an impress for eternity.

How often hast thou told us that to all
God sends a mission!

In my childhood days
The mission God hath sent me was revealed;
And now, when o'er me dawns the golden light
Of womanhood's bright years, to thee I tell
The work to which my soul and life are giv'n.
And when the vision I to thee repeat
That yesternight to my glad spirit came,
I know that thou wilt understand it all.

Along a lonely narrow path I trod,
Shut in from vision of the outer world
By lofty trees with overarching boughs;
But whither led this pathway knew I not,
Till all at once before my vision rose
High mountain steeps. And on one summit stood
A lofty temple; and at my approach
Upon its dome a beauteous form appeared,
Unfurled a gleaming banner. On its folds
Were traced, in golden letters, 'Genius, hail!'
Then by my side another form appeared,
And whispered gently, 'I will be thy guide.'
And we, those mountain steeps ascending long,
At length before the temple's entrance stood,
And, passing through long corridors and aisles,
Beheld a throng of those whose honored names

Are sacred in the memories of earth.
Musicians, sculptors, poets by me passed
In glorious array.

My guide moved on ;
And, ent'ring what an inner temple seemed,
I saw a golden altar rainbow-crowned ;
Beside it knelt the priestess of that art
Whose gifted children on those walls had traced,
In hues immortal, their immortal thoughts.

My guide withdrew. And from the altar rose
The priestess from her ministries, and gazed
Upon me with her holy eyes; then said,
'O child of genius, welcome! thou art come
To Art's high temple, and before the shrine
Of painting, glorious art.

My child, receive
The blessing of its priestess. Go thy way;
With holy ardor be thy labor wrought;
A bright reward awaits thee: *Win thy crown.'*"

The vision thus repeated, silence comes;
And not a sound is heard within the bow'r,
Save rustling of the vine-leaves in the breeze.
Corona's gaze is on the old man bent,
As if his words awaiting; and his eyes
Are fixed on her with look of calm, deep joy.

He only says, "Corona, unto thee
 I give thy teacher's blessing, and repeat
 The priestess' words at parting: 'Win thy crown.' "

Then, turning to Crucè, he says, "My child,
 I know thou too hast of thy life-work thought;
 Oh, ere my spirit wings its flight from earth,
 Let me my blessing on thee too bestow."

And thus she answers: "O my friend revered!
 No happy vision hath to me revealed
 My destiny, my life-work. Oh, I feel
 As if with pen of iron on my soul
 These words are deeply graven: 'Bear thy cross.' "

"I know it, O my child!" the old man cries;
 "I knew it when upon the moss-grown rock
 A little child I saw thee stand and gaze
 With such mysterious sadness on the throng."

Crucè continues: "Where the Ganges rolls
 Its dark life-sacrificing tide, I go
 To bear the holy light of Heaven's truth."
 The teacher answers not, but only looks
 On her with eyes in which his blessing shines
 With gentle pity mingled.

Twilight shades
 Are dark'ning round; and friend and pupils part.

Again it is the quiet Sabbath ev'n.
Corona and Crucè within the bow'r
Have waited for their aged teacher long.
He comes not ; though a Sabbath's sunset light
In beauty resting on this lovely isle
Corona and Crucè shall see no more ;
For when a few more morning dawns shall come,
The mission-ship shall bear them far away,
Crucè to heathen lands ; in Italy,
The shrine of Art, Corona's home shall be.
Now, weary with their waiting, from the bow'r
They wend their way along the circling ridge
Of moss-grown rocks, and reach the old man's cot.

But not in solitude, as was his wont,
With welcome smile their teacher meets them there ;
For friends with pallid faces at the door
The pupils meet ; in pitying silence gazed
Upon them ; for they know the sacred tie
That to his pupils binds the teacher's soul.

They enter. By a window, where the light
Of sunset's dying gleams with glory crown
His head so hoary, sits the aged man,
A holy rapture resting on his brow,
And in his eye the far-beholding light
That comes to many in the dying hour ;

And one look to Corona and Crucè
Reveals the presence of the *angel Death*.

The dying one his look upon them casts
Of recognition ; and he breathes a pray'r :

“ O Saviour ! Thou who once upon this earth
Didst walk with thy disciples, Thou dost know
The holy tie which now by death is rent.
As Thou didst love thine own, so I have loved
These young disciples ; and for them I pray,
As Thou didst pray for thine.

O Father ! keep
Those whom to me Thou'st giv'n, through thy name ;
And grant to her who goes to minister
Within the temple of the beautiful,
A clear perception of thy will divine.
In her remembrance may she ever keep
This truth : that through the cross the crown is won.

To her who sorrow as her birthright holds,
Oh, when in far-off heathen lands she dwells,
Grant her thy all-sustaining conq'ring strength,
And while she nobly bears her earthly cross,
May she behold the crown that shines above.”

His dying eyes upon those ones for whom
His spirit thus hath breathed a parting pray'r,
A benediction beam, then softly close.

He clasps his hands in holy peace, and says,
“For so He giveth His beloved sleep.”

The Sabbath twilight veils the sacred scene
 Of solemn tenderness and holy grief.

The starry spheres, that look on earth to-night
 With that same aspect which of old they wore,
 Ere our young earth had known of grief or death,
 By influence mysterious seem to draw
 The spirits of Corona and Crucè,
 Who lift unconsciously their tearful gaze
 To heav’n’s bright concave, while they wend their
 way—
 Each sorrow’s silence keeping—to their home.

III.

’Tis sunset on the isle ; and in its hav’n
 The mission-ship, arriving, anchors now.
 The stranger missionaries on the shore
 Are welcomed ; for their holy work invites
 The kind regards which Christian hearts should show
 To Christ’s ambassadors.

In prime of life
 The most appear, a zealous youthful band.
 Now comes on shore the leader of this band,

A man of noble bearing, on whose brow
Long, earnest thought hath left its traces deep,
With gray his dark locks silvered lightly o'er.
Corona's father greets him. To his words
Of courteous inquiry, then replies
Are by the stranger giv'n. To his home
The missionary wends with him his way.
They enter at the nightfall. Lights within
The rooms illumine. To the stranger guest
Corona's mother doth her welcome give.
When hours have flown in Christian converse passed,
She saith, "I'll bid Corona and Crucè
Come join our number."

Quickly at her call

They enter; and the father, rising, says,
"My Christian friend, these are the youthful ones
Who on the morrow in thy vessel sail."
With loving admiration then he says,
"This one, Corona, who at Art's fair shrine
To worship to Italia's land doth go.
And this my sad-eyed lonely one, Crucè:
Long years ago a noble vessel sailed
At eve within our harbor, bringing her,
A little one, just rescued on that morn
From rocks o'er reef all strewn with ocean wrecks.
The stranger entertaining, I have found
The presence of an angel unawares."

These words are said in deep and rev'rent tones,
While on Crucè with rev'rence he doth gaze.

The stranger seems as one who hears him not.
When first the father spoke the name "Crucè,"
And she, advancing, 'neath the lamplight stood,
The missionary's gaze was riveted
On her as though a vision of the dead
Re-entered into life before him stood.
He gazes still, unconscious of all else;
And o'er his soul the tides of mem'ry surge;
Across these surges glide the specters dim
Of griefs long buried in the tomb of years.
And now, while intervening years are lost,
The past becomes the present. Smiles of joy
Are on his lips, and peace upon his brow.
The mem'ry now of intervening years
Between the past and present rushes back;
Of joy bereft, he says, "It cannot be!"

To consciousness returning, now his thoughts
Revert unto the words the father spoke:
"Long years ago"—"a vessel"—"bringing her"—
"From rocks o'er reef all strewn with ocean wrecks."
And then he says, "O friend! long, long ago,
When first I bade my native land farewell,

And sailed for far-off heathen climes, I bore
A fair companion with me to my toils.

A few years passed, and 'neath that burning clime
She drooped and faded. And I bade her go
Across the ocean to her childhood's home,
In hope, when strength and bloom of health returned,
Upon that tropic shore to meet again.

Then, placing in her arms the little child
Which God to us had given, in the ship
I saw them enter; watched the vessel sail
Beyond my anxious vision. Nevermore
On those beloved beings did I gaze.

She sent me tidings from her childhood's home.
A message came to me that o'er the seas
They had embarked, and soon our mission home
Should welcome them. But ah ! they never came.
The ship which bore them ne'er was heard of more.

And when this maiden stood before my gaze,
Such strange resemblance to that one she bore
Whom I on earth shall never meet again,
With such o'erwhelming sudden pow'r it swept
Across my mem'ry waves, past years seemed naught;
All consciousness absorbed in this one thought,
That I beheld my lost, lamented one.

The rapture-waking fantasy is fled.
Yet still methinks upon the maiden's face
I trace the strange resemblance. Canst thou tell
Aught more concerning that sad fate of those
By ocean storm wrecked on the far-off deep,
And how this one was rescued? Ah! methinks
Thou calledst her Crucè, the selfsame name
That to our child was given. Tell me, friend,
What more thou knowest, and who named her thus."

And now is told how on that morning calm
The sailors heard afar the wailing cry,
And, coming on the reef, within the cave
Beheld the little child, and bore her hence.

A golden circlet round her neck was clasped,
And on the clasp was grav'n her name, "Crucè;"
The name the little one herself had lisped.

While all these words are uttered, stands Crucè,
A calm and wondrous light within her eye,
Like that perchance with which the prophets gazed
When they beheld their prophecies fulfilled.
And when the mother whispers to her low,
She vanishes, but soon to reappear,
The little golden circlet in her hand.

The missionary's eye is on it fixed
But for a moment ; then upon Crucè
It glances recognition, and he cries,
“ My daughter, O my daughter ! ”

Morning dawns
Upon that lovely isle. Farewells are said.
The spirit of Crucè in its new joy
Seems not to feel the burden of the cross.
The parting words with recollections fraught,
The sacred mem'ries of her childhood days,
With tender sadness said, have less of grief
Than “ good-nights ” that before have passed her
lips.

Corona, with her ardent spirit thrilled
With bright anticipations, feels that joy,
However deep or lofty it may be,
On earth with sorrow oft walks side by side.

And now with sails unfurled the ship moves on,
And soon the island fair is lost to view.
Around them ocean spreads its vast domain,
Whose bound'ries seem the far horizon's verge.

Corona and Crucè behold the sun
Descend beneath the waters, with a mien

Of kingly majesty, the cloudless skies
Resigning to the reign of night's fair queen.
With regal grace ascending in the east,
She glances beauty on the tranquil waves ;
Ere long attended by the fleecy clouds
That love to float within her silv'ry light.

But clouds that ventured not the day-king's path
To darken with their presence, fearing not
Fair Luna's gentler scepter, in the west
Confront her with their huge and darkened forms.
But while above her hangs a silv'ry cloud,
Perchance as beautiful as angel's wing,
In unveiled splendor on those clouds she looks.
With admiration and with sorrow moved,
Within the depths beneath, repentant tears
Those clouds are weeping ; but the night-queen's
smile,
Bright glancing through those drops, is arching now
A beauteous rainbow on those western clouds,
A token of forgiveness.

And when they
Have wept away their darkness, breezes soft
Shall waft them till they join her fleecy train.

But once upon the ocean comes a night
When neither moon, nor stars, nor fleecy clouds

Appear to greet the gazers' anxious sight ;
A night of tempests on the lonely deep.
Each moment dangers new throng round the crew.
At last the ship, long tossed upon the waves,
Spurns all control of human will and pow'r.
All useless now, the sailors' courage fails ;
The ship's commander, confidence all lost,
Stands mute, despairing, gazing on the crew.

The father of Crucè to Heaven lifts
A pray'r ; but not of piteous distress
Or anxious fear ; but that the Mighty One
Who holds the waters in his hand will stay
The tempests, if his glory thus be wrought ;
If not, from raging storms receive their souls
To the unruffled calm of Heaven's peace.

The pray'r is answered. And when morning dawns,
The sun in majesty its clear, broad beams
Is flashing o'er the ocean's tranquil waves.

All hail ! Italia's genius-haunted land,
Whose skies drop inspiration ; where the souls
Of great departed ones still live and glow
In their ideas, o'er which time and death
Are ever pow'rless ; and which still do speak
Through silent marble their sublimity,

Through lines and colors rare still thrill the soul
With beauty's holy and mysterious pow'r.

Yes, hail ! Italia, though thy fallen Rome
Hath verified the great, the solemn truth
That pow'r and strength with virtue unallied
Themselves work out their own sad overthrow.
But Art, the Heaven-born, immortal lives,
And while Art lives, Italia cannot die.

Receive, O Art ! this worshiper who comes
From her far island home to meet thee here ;
And may the light of hope within her soul
Grow brighter at thy presence, while she hears
By thee these words repeated, " Win thy crown."

O gorgeous land of India ! unto thee,
Upon her life-cross leaning, cometh she,
The sad-eyed one, upon the Gospel shrine
Her lovely life to offer. Fragile she
As snowy lily of the island dell.
Blow lightly o'er her, O ye tropic airs !
And waft no poison-vapors on your wing.
And long, O India ! may she dwell with thee,
To bless thy children with her ministries.
Now light to her the burden of the cross,
The cross her birthright, her inheritance ;
Her youthful spirit leaning on the strength

Of him whose long-lost presence now restored
With joy complete her spirit's depths doth fill.

O Great and Holy Father, in thy care,
Thy kind, all-pow'rful care, we leave this one ;
And through her may thy holy will be done.

IV.

How bright, and yet how softly, falls the light
Of morn's clear beams upon those palm-trees tall,
Whose broad green leaves hang mute and motionless
Within the breezeless air !

Beneath their shade
The missionary's home. Here dwells Crucè.
Within the walls where first her infant eyes
Beheld the light of earth, her presence now
Creates the home-light. Like an exiled bird
Regaining after lonely weariness
Its native place, spreads glad its flutt'ring wings
Or folds them quietly in peace and rest,
So doth the maiden's spirit in the joy
And peace of her new-found, lost native home.

Through long, bright hours of golden summer-time,
Cruce bends over volumes strangely writ ;
For through their native language must the light

Of holy truth reach darkened souls around.
And with that language on her lips at last
Her ministries begin.

The night is dark.
The rain drops heavily from palm-tree boughs,
And drearily against the window beats,
A window of the missionary's home.
Beside it, with a more than dreary look
Of helpless woe within her eyes' dark depths,
Crucè is watching o'er her father's face
The falling of death's shadow cold and pale.

The sad hours of the weary night are past.
Soft breaking through the mists the morning dawns.
Beside the open grave the mourners stand;
A brother missionary o'er the grave
Bends tearfully, and lifts his voice in pray'r.

Crucè beside her father's coffin stands.
She sees the coffin, sees the open grave,
She hears the slow and solemn tones of pray'r,
She sees, she hears, but realizes not.

While o'er her father's eyes death's shadow fell,
The pow'r by which her spirit chords were riv'n

Had sealed the soul-founts both of hope and grief,
In icy fetters bound emotion's streams,
And at one blow her consciousness struck blind.

Where reason, though inactive, keeps its throne,
While in unconsciousness the soul may keep
The semblance of oblivion's deep trance,
Then fearfully at last in woe there comes
The waking up into reality.

'Tis Sabbath morn. The mission chapel bell
Rings out its peals, deep, clear, upon the air;
And to the spirit of Crucè they come
With an awak'ning pow'r.

How oft the call
To worship hath her father answered! Now,
Alas! the summons are for him no more.
And, on her mem'ry swiftly rushing now
The scenes of parting, death, and burial,
And realizing fearfully her loss,
A cold, cold weight upon her spirit falls;
The weight of this one dreary, dreary thought,—
In life's vast wilderness, all, all alone.

The Mighty One who sits at God's right hand,
Who reigned with Him in glory ere this world
Responsive to creation's mandate came,
Divinely human, once upon this earth
Within Gethsemane in anguish knelt.

Oh ! never o'er the narrow death-stream yet
Hath passed a Christian soul but on this earth
Hath known in anguish its Gethsemane.

O Saviour ! O Divinely human ! come
And hover near this soul, who sorrows now
Within the shades of her Gethsemane.

From earthly pain oft cometh heav'nly strength ;
Who wait upon the Lord their strength renew.

Crucè amid her mission pupils sits ;
Within her eyes' dark depths the light of peace
Dispels the shade of sadness, and the gleam
Of high triumphant pow'r is shining there.

Her pupils on her gaze with wond'ring awe.
She speaks to them of immortality ;
And while she speaks, the strength and holy hope
That from her eyes beam forth in heav'nly pow'r
Impress for aye the lesson on their souls.

And when the tidings of her grief and loss
Are borne afar to Italy, there come,
With words of touching sadness, words of hope,
Of holy strength and trust that ne'er shall fail.

And answering these tidings soon there comes
A beauteous picture from Corona's hand.

On barren ground uprising, stands a cross,
By storm and tempest marred and light'ning's fire.
Its *surface only* bears defacing marks ;
For strong beneath a firm unyielding rock
It stands, defying all the storms of time.
And round and o'er its rough marred surface twine
Frail vines, with lovely blossoms, buds, and leaves,
And here and there, by some rough wind unclasped,
Hang tendrils drooping. Buds that once were fair
Bend dark and blighted. Green stems here and
there,
Dissevered from their blossoms, lonely hang.
And o'er this cross, all gold and silver tinged,
Are clouds of wondrous glory. Angel hands
Reach softly from them, twining round this cross
Immortal wreaths of ever-blooming flow'rs,
That those whose saddened eyes beheld with grief
The blighting of the buds of hope, the fall
Untimely of joy's blossoms bright and fair,
May lift above their tearful eyes and see
The angel-given flowers, and weep no more.

But, oh ! more happy still, above the cross,
And in the clouds' clear glory softly veiled,
A crown, whereon, in lines of wondrous light,
By angel's fingers traced, these words, "In Heav'n."

And with the picture these few greeting words:
“O sister of my soul! my thoughts to-night
Are flown to thee, where fain I too would be.
Though parted far, one gladd’ning thought is mine;
The same bright holy stars bend over each,
And one bright home awaits us in the heav’ns.”

A glorious night in Italy. The moon
With softened splendor lights the sculptured forms
There grouped in majesty.

Corona stands
Beside a vine-wreathed pillar near her home;
Her hands are clasped in reverence; her eyes
With admiration lifted to the heav’ns;
And, gazing in their clear and wondrous depths,
Upon imagination’s wing her soul
Doth pass beyond the boundaries of earth.
The limited, the finite, all are lost,
And with the infinite she dwells alone.

The moon with regal grace descending low
Behind the distant hills, its parting beams
Upon the vine-wreathed pillar linger yet.
Corona from the heav’ns withdraws her gaze;
Within her eyes there shines a new-born light
Of revelation; for her soul hath known
Baptism of the infinite from God.

Its beauty, its sublimity shall rest
A strong eternal pow'r within her soul.

None ever came aright to Art's high shrine
To minister, whose souls have never known
Baptism of the infinite; and none
Without it can the crown of genius claim.
As yet, the revelation in her soul
Is but the dawning of creative pow'r.
With rapture thrills her spirit gazing on
The master-works of mighty artist souls.
These works become her study, and she dwells
Amid the regions of the beautiful,
As in her true, her Heav'n-appointed sphere.

One only central thought, one wish, is hers ;
That heights of her ideals she may reach,
And know at death her destiny fulfilled.

Within a temple dedicate to art
Corona in her studio is seen.
Her fingers, wand'ring o'er the canvas, trace
The likenesses of forms by others traced,
Now gone to win the laurel crowns of Heav'n.

A few short years have passed. The wreath of fame
Is resting brightly on Corona's brow ;

And glory in its true, best sense is hers,—
That which a noble thinker called “the cry
Of sympathy and recognition” hers.

The pictures many whose ideas high
Were of her soul the bright and holy birth ;
Yet no one gives such luster to her fame
As this whereon we gaze, and there behold
The transcript of her vision, which she told
Her teacher in that far-off island home
In holy quiet of the Sabbath eve.

The setting sun on Venice shines. The west,
With almost fearful splendor all aglow,
With glist’ning brightness gilds cathedral spires,
And on the waters down its glory casts.

Before her canvas sits Corona now,
The canvas bright with beauteous imagery.
Her pencil, wand’ring o’er it here and there,
The last perfecting touches ling’ring gives.
And now the pencil from her fingers drops.
She gazes. The mysterious, sacred awe
That only to the genius-gifted comes
When on their souls’ creation they can look,
And feel, like God’s creation, it is good,
Intense and holy moves through all her soul.

Upon her hand her head is softly bowed ;
While, gliding through the window, sunset beams
Gleam like ethereal jewels in her hair,
And with a golden halo crown her brow.

Approaching footsteps fall upon her ear,
And, rising, she beholds an aged man.
His long white hair upon his shoulders sweeps,
And wearily he leans upon his staff,
While his own trembling hand a child-hand clasps.

They enter there, the pilgrim and the child,
And thus the old man to Corona speaks :

“I come, O daughter of a glorious art !
I come, that, while the light may visit still
These eyes fast closing to its beams, thy works,
The beautiful creations of thy soul,
Whose fame hath reached me o'er the rolling seas,
May grant their beauty to my waning sight.
I've wandered through some fair and wondrous
climes ;
Yes, from my youth a wand'rer I have been.
The friends who loved me once, whom I have loved,
Are dwellers on this lonely earth no more ;
Save this one child. Her mother—and my child—
Lies buried in a vale of Palestine.

And yet one brother's fate I cannot tell.
This only like some legend I have heard :
That when my father and my mother closed
Their eyes in that last sleep that comes to all,
And when our only sister passed from earth
To join the angels in the upper spheres,
My brother, in his sorrow strong and great,
Departed from that home, then home no more,
And dwelt alone in some far lovely isle ;
Yet never hope I him to meet on earth.

And now I journey to my childhood's home.
I go to kneel by those three sacred graves ;
And if the roof that sheltered me in youth
Still rests upon its ivy-mantled walls,
I hope that thence my soul may pass to heav'n.

Ah ! if I only knew upon what isle
My only brother reared his lonely home,
How gladly would I journey there ! If death
Hath parted him from earth, I still would go
To kneel in holy sorrow by his tomb.

Ah, daughter ! why to thee I this have told
I know not ; and self-wonder it doth wake.
For rarely to another soul I tell
Aught that concerns my own. Perchance 'tis well.

I'm old, as thou dost see, and growing blind ;
And when not many suns shall rise and set,
The light of earth shall visit me no more.”

Upon the pilgrim doth Corona gaze
With reverence ; and in his presence now
She seemeth to herself a child again.
And, with this touching thought within her soul,—
He's growing blind, and that his aged eyes,
To which the sunlight soon shall come no more,
May view my soul's creations, he hath come,—
She in a low and rev'rent tone doth say,
“O rev'rend friend ! I gladly greet thee here.”

The sunlight soft and beautiful illumines
Each picture round with radiance brightly sweet.

The old man moves among them ; and his soul,
While gazing, in its inmost depths receives
Their all of beauty and sublimity.

He pauses now before the pictured scenes
Of that bright vision which Corona's soul
Received when in her far-off island home ;
And in his soul there comes a happy glow
Like youth's enthusiasm ; and a smile
Like that which springs from hope is on his lips.

And then to him Corona doth repeat
The vision as she told it once before,
And at another sunset time, and far
Away within her own sweet island home.
And while the same enthusiasm glows
As then upon the altar of her soul.

She ceases, and the aged pilgrim speaks,
In cadence slow and solemn, almost sad :
“ Ah ! friend, young friend, whose soul with all its
pow’rs
Thy life is shaping by that vision fair,
Across whose spirit intuition tells
Few clouds of sorrow have their shadows cast,
The time will come when on thy youthful head
Dark clouds will gather blackness,—round thy path
Will sweep in thund’ring fury,—saddest still,
Will hide from thee thy Heav’nly Father’s face.
The deep foundations of thy faiths and hopes,
Thy pow’rs of suffering, thy strength t’ endure,
Shall all be tried ; and at this costly price
It is at last the lesson thou shalt learn,
That through the cross alone the crown is won.”

Corona unto these prophetic words
Doth list intently. When the last she hears,
Her eyes, before with somewhat awe downcast,

Now quickly lifted, with an earnest gaze
Are bent upon the speaker. For these words
In thought transport her to a lonely cot
'Mong moss-grown rocks, where, kneeling, on her ear
In dying accents falls her teacher's pray'r,
"In her remembrance may she ever keep
This truth, that through the cross the crown is won."

And is it fancy that Corona now
Doth trace resemblance in the stranger's face
To that of him who breathed that dying pray'r?
For such resemblance doth there seem. And now
She tells him of her own far island home;
Her days of childhood and of youth there spent;
Of him who in that Sabbath sunset hour
So peacefully to heaven passed; then says,
"Perchance it is thy brother, O my friend!
Above whose grave, when each returning year
Doth bring again that Sabbath sunset hour,
The islanders, with reverential love,
Strew amaranthine blossoms, and entwine
His monument with ever-verdant sprays.
'Tis thus, I've heard, they outwardly evince
The memories of him they keep within.

But few are they upon that isle who know
His early history. Yet, shouldst thou choose

To learn if 'twas thy brother, there are two,
If still in life, can tell thee many things:
The white-haired captain of the ship which bore
My teacher to our isle, the minister,
Through childhood-days and youth his pupil, then
His friend in after-years. And ev'ry one,
When each the wherefore of thy coming learns,
Will gladly greet thee. In my father's home
Thrice welcome shalt thou be: for thine own sake,
For mine, and for the sake of him who taught
My youthful years."

The pilgrim thus replies :

" For these, thy words of kindness, thanks, my friend ;
And if the God who guides His children, grant
Me journey thither safe, and safe return,
And if this hope thou hast awakened find
Reality, when to my native land
And home returning, then to tell thee this
I'll see thee once again. But oh ! so soon
Have I forgotten that the darkness comes
To seal my vision, and to make my life
On earth henceforth one night, though soon to end !
And though I never here shall see thee more,
Yet in the land of everlasting day
I'll see thee crowned among the angels stand.
And this I now do know, that for the hour
When on the fair creations of thy soul

My waning vision rested, my own soul
Shall happier be through all eternity.
'Tis twilight now—God bless thee, friend—farewell.''

The twilight shades, with silence solemn, deep
Are gathering within that room. Alone
Once more, Corona by the window stands,
The star of evening looking down on her
In mild yet solemn beauty. But her thoughts
Are wandering through times whose length exceeds
The unimagined distance of that star,
Or stars ten thousand times more distant still,—
Are in eternity; and in her soul
The echo and re-echo of these words,
"Shall happier be through all eternity,"
A solemn joy diffuse, a blessing bring
Like God's own benediction. For whoe'er
A joy eternal brings to any soul
Doth cause it to draw nearer to its God;
And such, when standing by the great white Throne,
Shall hear, "Ye blessed of my Father, come."

V.

'Tis night in India: 'tis the midnight hour.
The moonlight, streaming through the window, falls
Upon the bowed head of Crucè, and casts

Its fair, pale beams upon the sheeted dead.
It is a night-watch in the room of death ;
And this night-watch Crucè now keeps alone.
The young girl, her companion watcher, sleeps.
Crucè, remembering the weary hours
Of vigils never tiring, kept so long
By this young sleeper near her mother's side
Till life and hope departed, wakes her not,
But bows her head and there in silence weeps.

These tears are not of grief for this one dead,
Though long her mission-pupil she hath been ;
But that this soul but faint hope left behind
Of life immortal in the blessed land.
Yet for this soul how earnestly she toiled,
With naught to show but that 'twas all in vain
But this alone, that since this soul had heard
Of that one God, Creator of all things,
And Ruler of the destinies of men,
No idol temple had her presence known,
No false god's altar had her gift received !

The morning dawns. When hours have passed away,
A group of friends are gathered round the dead ;
Then others fill the room, and others wait
To bear the dead to its last resting-place.
There they in silence for the coming wait

Of him who to the dead may give the rites
Of Christian burial. Though long they wait,
The missionary comes not; and they cast
Each on the other an inquiring gaze,
Then gaze upon Crucè, with saddened mien
Among them waiting as the rest. And now,
Her soul recalling from its mournful thoughts,
And understanding their mute questioning,
She takes the holy volume, opes, and reads.

She reads of Him who bowed His head in death,
The human soul to ransom from its pow'r,
And Conq'ror of the grave on high, to Heav'n
Ascended, there to reign for evermore.
And then in deep solemnity she speaks
Of great eternity's dread, awful scenes,
When in the clouds of glory shall descend
The Crucified, the Risen One, to judge
The earth in equity and righteousness.

Then some who listen, and who have received
The truth in part before, but entered not
The path that leads to Christ, now feel their souls
Moved by invisible and mighty pow'r.

When she in earnest words, made eloquent
By her deep sorrow, pointeth out the gate,

The gate of hope, which death doth close for aye,
And urges them—how pleadingly!—to come,
And, ent'ring there, give all their souls to Him
Who gave, in love so great, His life for them ;
Then there in solemn presence of the dead
Arise the wailing cries of penitence,
Wherein so many voices blend, the voice
That pleads, no longer to be heard, doth cease.

But soon this cry of mourning grows subdued ;
And then Crucè invokes the God of love
To send the new life to those mourning hearts.
And, quick as lightning-flash, the sounds of woe
Are changed to songs of praise to Christ their God.
And when are given to the dead the last
Sad ministries, then to their homes return
A band of new disciples of the cross.

And soon within that heathen city comes
A change. And soon each idol temple stands
By all deserted save the temple priests.
But they, of numbers many, have no thought
That they will silent this desertion bear,
But vow that on each head shall vengeance fall.

Nor vow they vainly. Their appeal is heard
By kingly pow'r. And soon the mandate comes,

That they who to their gods will not return
Shall have their homes all leveled with the dust,
And they be branded with the name of slaves.

And those who uttered first the words that drew
These idol-worshipers to leave those shrines,
Shall hear the prison-bars behind them close,
Shall find the prison-walls to be their home.
Cruce with others now doth meet this fate.

The glory of the morn on sea and shore
In dawning splendor gleams. Upon the strand
A throng of human beings wait, the while
A ship is from its moorings loosed. Apart
From all the rest who wait, a trio stand,
And, gazing on the mighty rolling waves,
Behold this image of the infinite
With awe and exaltation of the soul
Such as sublimity alone can bring.

And of this trio is Corona one ;
Her father, mother making it complete.
For they have come from their far island home
To meet their child beneath Italian skies,

To view the wonders of this land of art,
And tread the classic ground the ancients trod,
When on the sev'n-hilled city had not set
The star of Roman greatness. Soon this ship
Shall waft them over seas to lands remote.

And what high hopes now fill Corona's soul
At thought of lands which she hath longed to see
E'en from her childhood days! Now groups of
friends
Around them gather, bidding them farewell.

And now Corona greets that pilgrim old,
Whose eyes from earthly light are closed for aye,
And now, as once before, by child-hand led.
Among his parting words he these doth speak :
“ I've knelt beside that grave in yonder isle,
And known it was my brother's. Youthful friend,
When to Italia's land thou shalt return,
I shall be sleeping as my brother sleeps.
But grateful thoughts of thee shall in my pray'rs
Be mingled even to the final hour ;
And then in heav'n thou'l be remembered still.”

The ship now entered, moving from the shore,
With graceful majesty sweeps o'er the deep,
And casts its anchor on the Grecian shore.

O Greece ! thou wondrous, Heaven-gifted land,
Where art and song arose so grandly high ;
Thon birthplace of philosophy, all hail !
Thy noble thinkers of the elder days,
Who swayed the human mind with sceptered pow'r,
Still wield a sceptered pow'r o'er minds to-day,
To perish not when earth shall be no more !

Ah ! if those heathen minds could now behold
How all their longing for the infinite,
Their aspirations for the highest good,
Have found their answer in the world's to-day,
Through Christianity the Heaven-sent
To earth descending, how would they rejoice,
How wonder, too, at those who turn aside,
While o'er their way truth's dazzling splendor streams,
To seek the darkness rather than the light !

And now Corona and her parents roam
The vales of Greece ; ascend its mountain heights.
Olympus, with its coronet of snow,
With lofty grandeur rises to their view.
They stand on Marathon's mount-circled plain,—
That plain—when even centuries had passed
Since on the victors and the vanquished gleamed
The sunset of its memorable day—
Believed of spectral warriors the haunt,

Where nightly rang the shouts of combatants.
And then in Athens, once the queen of art
And learning, do they linger, while their gaze
Upon its architectural wonders rests,
Its sculpture, and its painting. Then farewell
They bid to Grecian shores. And when some days
And nights have passed, they greet the rising sun
Upon a sacred plain of Palestine.

And as they gaze upon the lakes and mounts
Forever hallowed by the gaze Divine,
An awe, a reverence comes o'er their souls,
Which Nature's grandest scenes, and all of Art's
Achievements, noblest, highest, had no pow'r
To waken when in other lands they roamed.

They tread the winding paths of Olivet ;
They walk where once in anguish, pray'r, and tears,
And bowed with grief, the Man of Sorrows trod.
Across the centuries that intervene,
Transported by imagination's pow'r,
They seem to hear, in deep, bewailing tones,
The lamentation o'er Jerusalem.

And once, as shades of night are gath'ring round,
They sit in silent thought 'neath olive-trees,
And o'er their souls a somewhat shadow comes

Of sad Gethsemane's great anguish-scene.
And oh ! what utter woe in that dark hour
Could from Omnipotence thus wring the cry,
"If it be possible, let this cup pass"!

If love mean sacrifice, then here it found
A sacrifice full equal to itself ;
Love infinite, its sacrifice the same.

And in this silent meditative hour
A pow'r upon Corona's soul doth move,
A mighty pow'r it never knew before.

From early childhood she had loved the One
Who came to earth to ope the gates of heav'n.
She knew that God doth all His children love ;
But as upon her soul there rushes now
Most vivid consciousness of that great love,
In length, breadth, depth, and height immeasurable,
She realizes first in all her life
The pow'r, the beauty of God's love to *her*,
The holy friendship of the Crucified.

It is as if some fountain in her soul
By some celestial touch hath been unsealed ;
And calmly, yet resistlessly, it flows
To meet its primal source,—the heart of God.

Through many lands and scenes the trav'lers roam,
And sometimes, too, in crowded cities pause,
Where throngs of anxious, restless beings pass,
Who still shall live when all this wondrous world,
With its dissolving beauties, rushes back
To voids chaotic.

The meridian sun
O'er calmly-rolling waters casts its sheen,
And o'er those waters glides a ship that bears
The trio toward Italia's sunny shores.

VI.

But prison-walls are powerless to dim
The light of faith, that with Crucè doth grow
More strong, and stronger still. This light dispels
The sadness deep her eyes have shadowed forth
Through many days of many former years.
The high triumphant pow'r is shining there.

A night hath passed ; and now the crimson light
Of early morn illumines the dungeon-bars.
Crucè looks out upon demolished homes,
And reads the triumphs of a holy faith
In true brave souls who fear no one but God ;
And in her soul there comes a mighty joy
It never knew before. And when she hears

The tidings that no one of those who left
The idol-worship, to those shrines returned,
Exultingly upon those dungeon-walls
She gazes, then amid its gloom doth pray,
“ My Father, only speed thy work begun,
And on this earth I ask no fairer home.”

A year hath passed. The suff’rings nobly borne
By those brave souls have moved the kingly heart
To send a mandate forth that shall redeem
Their lives from slavery, and give the pow’r
To rear their homes anew ; but brings no hope
To those imprisoned. As Crucè oft thinks
Of souls all eager for the words of life,
For holy teachings, o’er her soul there comes
A sadness for some moments, soon to pass ;
And then she whispers, “ ‘Tis my Father’s will,
And He will call when He hath need of me.”
Within that prison now, she learns the last
Of three great lessons of this life on earth,—
To do, to suffer, and *to wait* God’s will.

At last, one day, from those dark prison-walls
The prisoners go forth, and to their work
Of holy ministries return again.
Now, for awhile, each day upon some soul
The Holy Spirit sets redemption’s seal.

The teachings of Crucè are fraught with pow'r
That ne'er before had oft to her been given;
And some serene celestial light within
Doth lead her on to grander heights of truth.

And now an answer doth there seem vouchsafed,
An answer to her teacher's dying pray'r:
"And while she nobly bears her earthly cross,
May she behold the crown that shines above."

How wildly fierce, O storms! ye sweep to-night
The ocean, rousing all its waves to wrath,
Until around the ship they dash and surge,
And, mounting high, with snowy-crested foam
Enfold it as it were its winding-sheet.

Within that ship, within a silent room,
Is one who recks your presence not; the while
A dim and flick'ring taper casts its light
On brows where death hath set its icy seal,
And forms like statues motionless and cold.

With eyes averted from those lifeless forms
And fixed in silence on the silent walls,

She stands who recks not those fierce storms without.
And in her eyes there is no gleam of hope,
Enthusiasm, joy ; all these have fled,
And in their place a stony fixedness
Of look that changes not. Her hands are clasped,
Clasped tightly, in a mute, still agony.

A strange, a deathlike fixedness of soul
Comes now ; the work of suffering that tried
Endurance' pow'rs, until at last its pow'r
To torture was at end, and so gave o'er.
And is it thus the pilgrim's prophecy
Begins to find fulfillment ? Even so.
It is Corona who thus mutely stands ;
It is her parents who in death repose.

Kind friends within that room pass to and fro,
And gaze upon Corona with a look
In which compassion doth with terror blend.
Her wan face in that dim and flick'ring light
Looks ghastly as the faces of the dead.
Approaching gently now, they whisper low.
She moves not, neither doth her aspect change ;
But when they seek to loose the clasping hands,
Convulsively they seek to clasp again,
And then her head droops low. They lead her
thence,

And, human consolation void of pow'r,
They leave her with her sorrow, and with God.

Soft breezes o'er the tranquil waters blow,
And waft the homeward vessel on its way ;
And on Italia's sunset-lighted shores
At last in anchorage it safely rests.
But oh ! the glory of Italian skies
No joy of beauty to the orphan brings.
And in her studio once more, alone,
The throngs of memories that o'er her rush
Unseal at last the fountain of her tears.

Night passes. In the twilight of the morn
The star of dawn beholds her weeping still.
But not in cloudless splendor doth the sun
Begin this day his journey through the heav'ns.
His brightness mists are veiling ; and the clouds
Ere long drop down upon the earth their tears.
All nature seems to weep. The trees that shade
The orphan's window without ceasing weep,
And vines that wreath the pillars of yon dome,
The temple of her art, bend ev'ry leaf
All heavy-freighted with the crystal drops.

It is the sunset now ; and never gleamed
A brighter sunset o'er this sunny land.
On golden-tinted, crimson-bordered clouds

Corona's gaze is resting listlessly.
She sees not for awhile the childish form
That near her door for recognition waits,
Then enters silently and by her stands.
It is the child-guide of the pilgrim blind.
She brings a message. And Corona reads
The words he uttered in his dying hour.
He asks that to her care the little child
May be intrusted ; and he closes thus :
“ Perchance around thee even now, my friend,
The clouds of sorrow gather. Standing now
Upon the borders of the blessed land,
My prescient vision bids me not recall
The words of prophecy to thee I spake.
But never in thy soul let faith and hope
Grow weary. Thou at last thy crown shalt win.
Be faithful unto death, till eventide,
And then at eventide it shall be light.”

The coming of this little child, that brings
New duties, from her meditative grief
Recalls Corona into active life.
Her thoughts, that days and weeks within the past
Have wandered, dwelling ever with the dead,
Now turn confiding to the orphan's God,
And in the promise that the blessed dead

Shall live in blessed immortality,
She makes her stronghold, and her soul grows calm.

But o'er her intellect now comes a change.
The hopes, beliefs, that from her childhood days
On faith's foundations lay, unquestioned e'er
By reason till this hour, now seem called forth
By reason, grown impatient to demand
The why of these. "Why hopest thou, O soul,
To meet the dead from whom thou'rt parted here?"
These questionings she meets with God's own word.
But reason still, like something grown apart
E'en from her very self, still further on
Doth press its questioning to other truths.
Yet all this while, within her soul no doubt
Doth come of all these truths. And reason too
Denies them not, but only asks the why.

Thus days and weeks are passed. She studies, weeps,
And prays. The light by human genius shed
On these same truths, that cometh in her reach,
Is welcomed eagerly.

And once she turns
From all this weary thinking to her art.
But not as in her bright unsorrowed days
The bright fair imagery around her throngs,
And ev'ry faculty now seems spell-bound.

But, as the days pass on, the clouds and mists
Roll slowly from her intellectual heav'ns,
Where shine like stars, with light more clear than
day,

The truths which reason so severely tried.

And in their midst new constellations bright
Of truths her spirit never knew before,
Now by Divine illumination giv'n.

And on her canvas hath she never traced
Such high and glorious imagery as now
Enraps her mental vision ; while returns ,
The beautiful with all its gifts divine.

The change doth seem as great as that from death
To life. It is her intellectual birth.

The language of her soul, "Once have I known,
Yea, twice, that pow'r belongeth unto God."

God promises to those who first shall seek
His kingdom, and His righteousness, all things
Shall added be. Among these "all things," then,
Why not the intellect regenerate?
To some it may not come until in heav'n
They dwell in God's own presence; unto some
It comes on earth, according to their faith,
According to the works that follow faith.
The time may come when men no more will doubt
That God our Saviour purchased by His death

This birth of intellect for man, than now
They doubt His heart-regenerating pow'r.

* * * * *

God is the Holy. So is He the True,
The Source of all the everlasting truths
Towards which all science, knowing it or not,
Doth climb, and must forever climb, nor rest
Until at last it *sees them face to face.*
God is the Beautiful; for which the soul
Within its inmost depths doth ever long;
The *Real* of the great *Ideal,—God.*
The intellect, the heart cry out for God.
He is the all in all of human thought,
He is the all in all of human love,
And thought and love at last in Him shall rest.
The pow'r to reach the holy, unto man
Is given by the cross. So is the pow'r
To reach the beautiful, to reach the true.
And thus, O Father, may thy kingdom come !

Though with new panoplies of strength her soul
Doth from this trial come, as burnished gold
Doth from its crucible come forth, yet still
The anguish of those watchings on the deep,
The grief of loss, and, last nor least in pow'r,
This intellectual trial, not in vain

Have wrought upon the dwelling of the soul
Their fatal work. And day by day her step
Grows slower and more weary ; and the glow
That fled her cheek upon that fearful night
When in the presence of the dead she stood
With face as ghastly as their own, shall ne'er
Return. Yet for her art she still would live,
And patiently yet longingly she waits
For strength to paint ideals of her soul
That strongly for their own expression urge.

But hope deferred grows weary ; and resolve
At length attempts alone, what strength denies ;
And on the canvas traced with trembling hand
Are outlined forms that coloring but wait
To give to them most wondrous lovely life,
And then her hand drops pow'rless from its task.
A mighty desolation fills her soul,—
The signal of the death of hope. She cries,
“ My soul, this earth hath nothing more for thee.
Where art thou, O my Father ? take me home ! ”

And soon a message to Crucè she sends,
Transcribed by friendly hand, and reading thus :
“ My days are few. I'm passing swiftly hence.
Had I not so much suffered, not so great
Had been this strength of soul, these added pow'rs ;

My crown on earth, and herald of my crown
In heav'n. The thoughts of beauty in my soul
Shall find expression there, denied them here.
My work is over. Sundered ev'ry tie
That bound me here. While from my spirit's depths
There comes a sad beseeching cry for rest,
That God alone can answer, *God alone*,
Across the lands and seas that lie between
I call to thee, my friend, my sister, come."

Then gently as descend the dews of heav'n
The pilgrim's words do to her spirit come:
"And then at eventide it shall be light."
And softly to herself she murmurs low,
"A little longer, O my weary soul!
A little longer, and the night shall break,
And o'er thee, in its holy splendor, stream
The calm, eternal light of heaven's dawn."

VII.

The sun shines bright within the western heav'ns,
Its glory resting on a vine-wreathed bow'r;
And lights and shadows, quivering within,
Surround Corona. On her snowy brow
A crown of sunbeams dropped 'tween leaves above,

Upon her countenance celestial peace
Reposes with a beauty most serene.

The sun that shines so brightly in the heav'ns
Is waiting now the hour of its eclipse ;
To witness this, e'en with her dying gaze,
Corona waiteth now within this bow'r.

Crucè beside her stands in silence sad,
And tearfully she gazes on her friend,—
Companion of the days of early youth,
And playmate of her childhood, in that home,
That far, sweet island home, which nevermore
The eyes of either shall again behold.

Time passes. To her friend she whispers low.
Corona's eyes unclose ; and now she sees
The dying sunlight resting on the leaves,
The sun grow lesser, dimmer all the while.
Then in a twilight strange the stars come forth,
A mighty shadow falls, and folds the earth
In what doth seem a supernatural night.
The full-orbed night-queen, hanging in the heav'ns,
Confronts the sun, and hides his kingly face.
A perfect crown, a circlet of bright rays,
Surrounds her, and yet still is not her own :
It is the day-king's royal signet ring.

In queenly grace she from his presence glides ;
In momentary twilight vanish now
The moon and stars ; the sun is left alone.

Once more Crucè doth turn her tearful gaze
Upon Corona. On her death-white face
The peace ascends to rapture, and her eyes
Are lit with radiance from upper lands.
In clear, sweet tones like sound of seraph lute,
She cries, “ ‘ Tis come, ’tis come, th’ eternal day !
Love folds its white wings o’er my soul, and cries,
‘ Thou camest from the Infinite, and now,
O soul ! to that same Infinite return.’ ”

Her eyes close softly in the beautiful,
The last sweet sleep, the type of perfect rest.
The airs around, within that bow’r are fraught
With angel benedictions. And her lips
Move lightly, whisp’ring from the shores of death,
“ I see the land that is very far off,
I see the King in his beauty.”

The years
Thrice circling now have joined the silent past.
'Tis past the midnight hour ; the silent stars

Look down in solemn beauty on the earth.
The crescent moon is rising o'er the hills:
Its slight beams, falling now on dungeon-bars
And entering through the blackened gratings, rest
Among Crucé's dark locks; for once again
The prison-walls have shut her from her work.

But Heav'n is drawing nigh, and weary earth
Receding from her soul. Her lips reveal
The vision that before her spirit gleams,
And in their dying accents whisper low,

“They come, my father, mother, sister-friend!
They come, the angels a resplendent band!
I wait, O Saviour! yes, Thou too art come,
And I to Thee am swiftly coming now.
I pass the angels round me whisp'ring low,
‘The crown! the crown!’ and still to Thee I come,
And, to thy holy presence now received,
Thou’lt crown me with the *glory of thy love,*
With its infinitude of depth and height.
MY SOUL FOREVER ASKS NO OTHER CROWN!”

Πρὸς τοὺς φιλὸὺς μου τοὺς ἀγαθώτατοὺς.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

TWILIGHT hovered o'er a mountain,
 Morning's twilight dim and gray;
At the mountain's foot an angel
 Waited for the dawn of day.
From the mountain's side and summit
 Slowly rolled the mists away,
And the crimson light was gleaming
 Where a child in slumbers lay.
In the sleeper's ear the angel
 Whispered, "Wake, behold the light,
Little child, I come to lead thee
 Up Life's steep, lone mountain height."
While the child hand clasped he gently,
 Upward in the dawning light,
Onward went the child and angel,
 While in stature and in might
Grew the child, and Wisdom, Virtue,
 Crowned him with a regal crown,
Till behind Life's mountain summit
 Sank the sun in glory down.

In the dying light of sunset
Passed they from that mountain height
To that far-off Land of Beauty
Where there never cometh night.

Ah ! how oft when Life-gates open
Comes a guardian angel bright,
Comes to lead the spirit onward
Through the shadows and the light,—
Comes to cheer and guide and guard it,
Never fainting by the way,
Never, never, *never* leaves it,
If the guarded do not say,
Not in words, perchance, but actions,
“I go elsewhere : do not stay.”
On the guardian angel’s spirit
Awful weights of sorrow fall,
While the guided hand unclasping,
Sadly murmur’ring, “Lost is all.”
But whenever loved and trusted,
Happy, happy is the soul
Led by such celestial guidance
Onward to the spirit’s goal.

Guardian angels ! how they love us
With a love that cannot tire,
Glowing in those holy beings
With a pure seraphic fire.

Elder brothers, elder sisters,
Sent to us while here below,
Like us loving one great Father,
From whom all our spirits flow.

THE LAST SONG OF THE SPHERES.

ONCE, when the calm day, in its beauty departing,
On lingering light-beams sent farewells to earth,
Methought through the golden-barred gates of the sunset
I passed to the land where my spirit had birth.

Afar in the Pleiades gleamed Alcyone ;
And thither my spirit directed its flight.
While powers unseen all around me were hov'ring,
A spirit voice whisperèd, “Follow the light !”

Then earth, sun, and planets grew dim to my vision,
And, led by the beams that were shining from far,
I journeyed through spaces all solemn and silent,
Till welcomed at last to that radiant star.

Said one, o'er this Pleiad the guardian angel,
“O dweller erewhile of a far solar sphere !
Now come unto us from that realm of creation,
Both seraphs and angels we welcome thee here.

“Ere long, by the solemn decree of Jehovah,
The planets and sun of thy system sublime

Shall wing their flight back to the regions of chaos,
And chant their last song to the marches of time.

“The sounds even now of those trembling vibrations
Announce the approach of some heavenly pow’r,
To tell us, perchance, to the spheres of that system
Already hath come the last sorrowful hour.

“My sister, behold !” When the angel had spoken,
I saw that a shadow had clouded the light,
And near us a being of heavenly beauty,
Yet robed in a mantle sad-hued as the night.

She lifted her eyes. And then, breaking the silence
That reverence holy had taught me to keep,
I turned to the being who welcomed me thither,
And, wondering, asked, “Do the angels e’er weep?”

“I leave,” answered sadly the sorrowful angel,
“A planet o’er which I was guardian long.
Uranus is hurled from its place in thy system
By pow’r of the Infinite mighty and strong.

“I saw when there dawned at the word of Jehovah
Upon this fair planet the first beams of light,
I heard when His mandate as steadfast and solemn
Consigned it to regions of chaos and night.

“ These tears, O my sister ! are not those of longing
To call back the lost from those voids dark and deep ;
These are but the tears of a holy remembrance,
Remembrance Jehovah Himself bids us keep.”

The shadows around us grew darker and deeper :
Two beings approached us from o'er the dark way.
While mighty and strange was the pow'r of their presence,
I heard them in accents of deep sorrow say,—

“ Guardian angel of this Pleiad,
Of the heav'nly Alcyone,
Center of the starry system,
'Tis an hour of woe and wonder
In the universe of God ;
For in yonder solar system
There hath risen strange commotion ;
Two, of all, the brightest planets,
Mighty ring-encircled Saturn,
Jupiter with moons attended,
Must forever quench their splendor
In the dark, chaotic deep.”

The ether around us scarce ceased its vibrations,
That thrilled with the sounds of celestials' deep woe,
When came to us, veiled in a mantle of darkness,
Another one, saying, in tones sad and low,—

“ From the earth I bring ye tidings,
 Come to tell the moon is waning,
 Come to tell the stars are setting,
 Come to tell the sun no longer
 O'er the earth shall shed its light.
 Earth is all in desolation,
 Wrapped in shadows and in darkness,
 With its sister worlds expiring.
 Back to chaos soon they'll hasten,
 While the thunders chant their death-song,
 And the lightnings round them flashing
 Light them on their lonely way.”

I listened in silence, until in her sorrow
 I heard the last angel her story relate.
 It oped in my soul all the fountains of sadness.
 I murmured, “ Alas, O thou Earth ! thy sad fate ! ”

The guardian angel who welcomed me thither
 Said gently, “ My sister, oh, why art thou sad ?
 While seraphs and angels are here to befriend thee,
 And this is thy home, let thy spirit be glad.”

“ I know that thou lovest me, call'st me thy sister,”
 I said, “ but that world was my dwelling before ;
 And there too dwelt those who have known me and
 loved me :
 Oh, then let my sorrow wake wonder no more.”

When thus I had murmured my sorrow, the angel
To me said with tenderness holy and sweet,
“If friends who were thine are the friends of the
Saviour,
Weep not then, my sister, again ye shall meet.”

Then quickly the shadows around us were lifted,
And circled with light came a glorious one,
And said she, in tones full of peace and of triumph,
“The guardian angel was I of the Sun;
But now at its fate my soul doth not sorrow,
The will of Jehovah forever be done.

“My sad sisters, come with me. We who have wit-
nessed
The birth of these spheres in the dawning of time
Must guide them while, winging their flight back to
chaos,
They chant their last anthem, so sad, yet sublime.”

The angels departed. And soon through the silence,
And clearer and sweeter than ever before,
Arose the last song of the Spheres, and we listened
Till e'en its last cadence resounded no more.

Then sounds did we hear as the rushing of pinions;
Before us was gathered a numberless throng,

All clad in the white robes of heavenly beauty,
With golden harps tuned to Redemption's sweet song.

The guardian angel, her holy eyes raising,
That beamed with a new and a glorious ray,
Said, "O Thou Great Father of Spirits! we praise
Thee
That souls perish not, though the worlds pass away!"

NIGHT.

O ANCIENT Night ! ere suns and stars had birth,
Or God from chaos wrought this wondrous earth,
Triumphant thou didst reign, while all around
Thy sister Silence breathed a spell profound.
And then at last this orb assumed a place
With other planets in the realms of space ;
And cosmic light at length flashed dimly o'er
A world to naught but darkness known before ;
Prophetic of a future day of light,
To beam with radiance more pure and bright.
At last through clouds of mist the sun-rays broke,
And earth into the sunlight splendor woke.
And thou wast Night, though Darkness was thy name
Ere at God's word Day into being came ;
And when "God saw the light that it was good,"
And gazed afar where Night majestic stood,
"Let us," He said, "each one of these divide,
And give to both an empire vast and wide."
When this was done, well pleasing in His sight,
The light He called the Day, the darkness, Night.
He placed a starry crown on Night's dark brow,
And as she wore it then she wears it now,

Save here and there a bright celestial gem
Is lost from out the gorgeous diadem ;
While beaming forth with majesty and grace
Another fills the glitt'ring lost one's place.
O Night ! what mighty changes thou hast seen !
What mighty changes in our world had been
Ere yet man came from God's creating hand,
The one for whom creation's scheme was planned !
And now for long years o'er this peopled earth
Hast thou looked down on scenes of woe and
mirth ;
On scenes of joy and peace, and those of strife,
On scenes of death, and scenes of happy life ;
And watched while grief, unsleeping, wept away
The long night-hours until the break of day ;
And seen despair lift up its tearless eye
In silent agony, and pray to die.
How long, O Night ! until such woe be past ?
When hearts no more shall bow 'neath sorrow's blast,
When wrong and error shall be swept away,
And truth and right hold universal sway.

The most some talent have, though genius, few ;
And noble zeal and talent might renew
Our earth, until 'twould like a heaven seem,
Where life would pass like some entrancing dream.
Though talent gazes with bewildered eye,
When genius in its course sweeps earth and sky

And darts like lightning through the depths of space,
Impatient, eager some new path to trace
Where seraphim or angels may have trod,
When drawing nearer to the throne of God,
Joy's sunlight is not always genius' dow'r;
Too oft it feels the storm and whirlwind's pow'r,
Yet storm and whirlwind may alike defy,
With upward glance still fixed on Deity.
Immortal minstrel! Milton, sang of light
When its sweet beams no more might cheer his
sight;

Though day its glories has, O Night! we claim
Thou hast thy glories too, though not the same.
And when o'er earth thy gentle shadows fall;
When quietness and peace reign over all;
When stars gaze on us from their home above
With glances full of sympathy and love;
The waves of life's great sea more calmly roll,
And tides of glorious thoughts sweep o'er the soul.
Then, too, in those calm hours of deep repose,
Long after day has wandered to its close,
When sleep waves o'er us its soft magic wand,
How sweet to wander in that mystic land,—
The dream-land, often with rare beauties fraught
Like that bewitching fairy-land of thought!

O Night! we love thee most that thou dost show,
To mortals dwelling in this sphere below,

Those glorious orbs that on thy dark brow gleam,
That in the heav'ns with light celestial beam;
And when above we lift our wond'ring eyes
And view the glories of the midnight skies,
How longs the spirit then for wings to soar
Through starry lands by angels trod before,
That it may view with clear-discerning eyes
E'en *some* of God's unfathomed mysteries!
And can these aspirations of the soul be wrong,
These yearnings of the spirit, deep and strong?
No! Though God's thoughts are not as thoughts of
man,
His secret ways no mortal e'er can scan,
Yet as we journey to perfection's goal
We'll cherish still these longings of the soul,
Still keep our eyes fixed on the heights above,
And still with earnest strivings onward move.
We know not but when this brief life is past
Our wishes may be realized at last;
But should this be, the soul, though richly blest,
Would not deem this enough, nor idly rest,
But higher longings still would then be born,
With ever-wid'ning range as beams of morn.
Each star, O Night, that glitters in thy crown,
That gazes on this earth majestic down,
Seems like a pleader to this earth-sphere giv'n
To woo man's thoughts from earthly things to heav'n.

And to that soul that ever seeks to view
In all things good the beautiful and true,
Its silent voice is full of love and peace,
With promises of bliss that ne'er shall cease.
But to that soul absorbed in worldly cares,
That weave a network round of Satan's snares,
Its holy, earnest glance would seem to say,
"Oh, waste not thus the hours of life's brief day.
Now bid thy spirit from these earth-mists soar ;
Lift up thine eyes, behold us, and adore.
Adore the God who formed us by His might,
Whose hand alone can quench our beams of light ;
And realize within thy soul how vain
Is all the glory worldly pomp can gain."
Ambitious man may rear through all the land
Proud monuments of pow'r he hopes will stand
Through long, long ages ; but they pass away.
There's naught man's work that can resist decay.
E'en Egypt's pyramids at last must fall,
When desolation's wing sweeps over all.
Exalted thought and holy deeds alone
Rear structures that can ne'er be overthrown.

Night, thou art beautiful, when winter reigns
And flings its mantling snow o'er hills and plains;
When 'neath the starlight, or the moon's clear beam,
Its icicles and crystals softly gleam ;

And lovely thou, when gentle springtime comes
And calls the blossoms to their woodland homes.
How glorious art thou, when the summer's sky
Hath caught the deep glance of her laughing eye !
How peaceful thou, when quiet autumn comes,
The time when birds return to southern homes ;
When breezes hum a low and sad refrain,
As if it were a parting full of pain,
When proud trees drop their bright-hued garlands
down
Upon the barren earth so cold and brown !
The blossoms perish 'neath the touch of frost ;
The glories of the summer all are lost.
Majestic is thy reign where northern skies
Are lit with luster of auroral dyes ;
And fancy whispers that like fairy-land—
Save that there come no breezes mild and bland—
Must be those arctic realms, when over all
Their icebergs and their glaciers moonbeams fall.
And then our own broad prairies love thee too,
On flow'rs and grasses dropping gentle dew.
Thy reign is bright in far-off southern clime,
In lovely lands of music and of rhyme.
And if so fair lit by the sunbeam dyes,
How glorious, too, must be the midnight skies
Of Italy, that land of deathless fame,
Where long ago Art's high-souled children came,

The canvas touched, or on the marble wrought,
And left the impress there of lofty thought.

Night, there are times when o'er thy brow serene
Thick clouds of blackness and of rage are seen ;
Times when the storm-winds rush in madness by,
And lightnings flash across the darkened sky.
Yet, Night, thy clouds and tempests are sublime,
Foreshadowing that great, that fearful time,
So fearful unto each whose wayward heart
Refused in life to choose the better part ;
When angels traversing the voids of space
Shall from the clouds that veil Jehovah's face
Peal after peal from their loud trumpets blow,
And shake the heav'ns above and earth below.

O glorious Night ! with all thine orbs of light,
There is a sinless land where comes *no night* ;
And when in those fair realms of Paradise
We meet the pure sweet gaze of angel eyes
And feel the gentle clasp of spirit hands,
We'll roam enraptured through those angel lands,
Where friends shall meet and know the perfect love
That thrills the souls of those who meet above ;
And then our souls shall view more glorious things
Than Night to mortal vision ever brings ;
Then thought shall soar from earthly fetters free,
And time be lost in vast eternity.





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